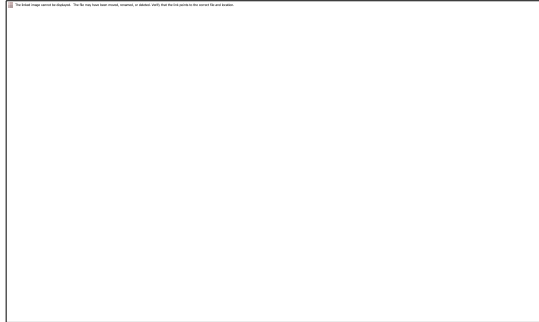


# ~ MacArthur's ~

by Larisa

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**Disclaimer:** Yeah, yeah we all know who they resemble. These guys are all mine. The normal stuff goes with them same gender sex, foul language, violence and everything else that I could toss in. No infringements meant with using artists songs. If you're not old enough or live some place where this is illegal. Can't help ya!

In addition, my thanks to Lesia and Ri for reading this slop before I posted it.

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MacArthur's

By Larisa

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I'm tired, my feet and legs ache as if I just ran the Boston Marathon and not to mention I'm pissed off beyond belief! I slammed the cash register drawer closed as the customer steps out of the door of the 7-11 I slave in. I look around at the mess the place is in, coffee spilled all over the counter and dripping to form a large puddle on the floor that I will forget about and slip and bust my ass once again. The slurpee machine Has become possessed and keeps spraying all over the place causing a deep purple goo to accumulate on everything and all I can think about is that after sixteen hours in this damn place I'll have enough time to walk home take a shower just to turn around and come back for the next shift. But as usual when I'm here, nothing can be normal! With the rush of customers, I had completely forgotten about the empty coffee pots on the heating coils. Who knew that the damn things could blow up in a synchronized fashion?

I cleaned up all the broken glass shards and proceeded to blow what was the last remaining nerve in my body when I found that we had no more coffee pots to replace the six broken ones. I kicked the hell out of the counter throwing my temper tantrum over the shitty job our midnight person, who decided to quit 20 minutes before she was suppose to relieve me, for not ordering more replacements like she was suppose to. I'd had enough! I climbed up onto the counter right in front of the video camera, with the veins bulging in my neck and temple I proceeded to give my boss a little message for when she reviewed the tape in the morning.

"I've had it! I've been in this Goddamn store for sixteen fucking hours! If my relief doesn't show up I'm locking the fucking doors and throwing the key away! And you can all kiss my ass!"

The whole time I'm wagging my finger at the camera and stomping my feet like a pissed off

toddler on the counter top. What do they expect when they leave one person by herself to run a busy store for sixteen hours. I then realized that the entire time I had been screaming into the camera that customers had been standing in the parking lot watching me. I gave them the meanest look I could, my green eyes flashing with fury trying to will them to run before I got down off the counter. No luck there, the assholes came in anyway and wanted to buy off all the stupidest things considering they were all ready three sheets to the wind. BEER!! Three intoxicated men stumbled their way up to the counter each carrying two cases of *Old Milwaukee's Best*. Dropping all of it onto the counter in front of me all I could do was groan.

"Sorry, I can't sell you any alcoholic beverages."

"Hey were old enough!"

"A kindergartner could come in here and I'd tell him the same thing." I told them, which they didn't seem to care.

"Listen girl." My blood pressure just went through the roof with that comment. "Let me pay for this and we'll be outta here." He slurred and spit all over my counter.

"If you had read the sign on the vault doors you would no that I can't sell beer after 2am. Right now its 3:30am, so put it back!" By this time, my face was crimson and I was all but crawling over the counter at them.

It had turned into one hell of a shouting match, me with my great height of five foot four against three huge drunks, who could stuff me into the nearest receptacle if they so wished. I was reaching for the phone to call 911 when out of the corner of my eye I saw a red tow truck pulling up to the store. I gave a sigh of relief as I saw Brian my boyfriend of 2 years climb out of the cab. His dark hair covered by a greasy baseball cap with the name of the wrecking yard he worked for across the front, his light blue work shirt covered in mud, grease and what ever else he had managed to crawl through that night. He gave me a huge grin when he seen my bright red face, he was all too familiar with my temper, having seen it many times in this slave chamber.

"Hi honey, problems?"

"You could say that, these...what evers refuse to take my word about the beer curfew." I shoot them a glare that I recently found out only scared small children and dogs, but what the hell I thought I'd try it anyway. "Brian can you please tell them the laws of 7-11 and the state of West Virginia."

"Sure honey, no problem." He stepped up to the drunk that had been giving me the most trouble, his dark brown eyes narrowed down at him.

"Put the God damn beer back before I kick the shit out of you for harassing my girlfriend!"

They decided that tangling with someone who stood at six foot tall was not a good idea, so they put the beer back and stomped out of the store. I dropped my head down on the counter and

proceeded to bang it a few times out of aggravation.

"Why are you still here Keila? Shouldn't what's her name be working?"

My head was still down on the counter when I answered him with mumbles. "Bleach blonde bitch from bimboland quit!" Say that a couple times and see if you're not nuts! Which makes me wonder about my mental condition since I'm the one who made it up.

He ran his hand over the back of my head smoothing down my short blonde hair trying to comfort me, what he almost accomplished was putting me to sleep and making me feel like his damn blue tick hound.

"I thought you were done at 8pm?"

"I was but they needed four wreckers out on Rt. 9, so I thought I'd stop in and grab a Coke and a beef stick for Grumpy."

I just love how he thinks of his damn dog before me, the last time he bought me something it was a bottle of flea soap so I could give the damn thing a bath on my single day off.

"Are you going home after you leave here?"

"Yeah, I have tomorrow off and me and the boys are going to the drag strip to watch the motorcycles race."

I looked at him with a look of indifference with my bloodshot eyes. "Could you throw a load of laundry in the washer and I'll finish it when I get home?"

"Sure, anything for you." He kissed the top of my head, grabbed MY bottle of Coke and a beef stick and left.

"Maybe you could pay my store bill since all the stuff on it's either for you or your damn dog!" I said to his taillights as they left the parking lot. I had no idea why I even bothered to ask him to do anything, I knew as soon as he got home he'd forget what I asked him to do. Men are basically tall children that need to be lead through life by the hand. I sat down on the floor and waited for the time to tick slowly away, I knew that the mad rush was over for the next 45 minutes or so.

I looked down at my Marvin the Martian watch and saw that it was time for my relief clerk to show up, I put the mop and bucket in the back room and was just coming through the door when I saw her red hair bounce into the office. I had my smock off and rolled in a ball before I reached the same door.

"Thank Gods your here Brenda! Before you do anything call one of the other stores and see if you can borrow some coffee pots." She went to say something but I held up my hand to stop her. "Don't ask! I'm going home and unless the damn place either blows up or catches fire you have

forgotten my phone number and where I live."

"Oohh one of those nights, what are you doing here anyway?" Her green eyes questioned me. "Please don't tell me what's her name quit!"

"Ok, I won't." I scrubbed my face with my equally tired hands. "What was her name anyway?"

"Got me? From what I heard all the guys called her SUCK HARDER!!" She wiggled red eyebrows at me and all I could do was groan. "I'm outta here!"

I walked the 200foot to the small house that Brian and I lived in, before I got the door open, I knew that the place looked like a tornado went through it. The empty beer cans sitting on the front windowsill were kind of a dead giveaway. I pushed the door open with my foot because I had covered my eyes with my hands hoping that when I uncovered them that the place wouldn't be half as bad if I peeked through my fingers. I was dead wrong! An assortment of beer cans and bottles littered every surface in the entire place, they had managed to build a beer can sculpture in the middle of the small living room floor and it looked kinda like a leaning hour glass. They were talented that was for sure, I could imagine if they had gone to college and had four years of beer bashes what they could do.

I stepped over all the trash that was sprawled through the living room and refusing to touch Brian's disgusting work clothes that he had dropped all the way to the bathroom, I went into take a hot shower. Or so I thought!

"Son of a bitch! I'll kill him, I swear I'll kill all of them!" I looked down into a bathtub full of ice, water and beer. There was no way I was going to stand in ice water to take a shower. So I pulled the plug and hopefully in the whooping three hours of sleep that I was going to get the ice would be gone. I went to our bedroom and held back the scream I was so tempted to let go.

"Get your hairy God damn ass off the bed!" Grumpy lay spread out on my side of the bed, his greasy paw prints all over the cream-colored comforter and MY pillow. His big stupid head with all it's wrinkles lifted from where it rested on my pillow, one brown eye looked at me before it closed, a soft snorting noise came from him as he went back to sleep. I did the only thing I could do, I striped out of my clothes and lay down on Brains side of the bed, just as I was ready to fall asleep I felt four huge paws press into the back of me as Grumpy tried to push me off the edge of the bed.

"Does the word DOG POUND! Mean anything to you?" He gave me a woofing noise and rolled onto his back.

I woke up to warm moist breath washing across my chest, cracking one blurry eye I looked down to see Grumpy's head resting nice and comfortable on me. It wouldn't have bothered to me much but the dog had drooled all over me. "You're just as bad as Brian! Get up!" I tried pushing his limp body off me but all I managed to do was push myself out of the bed, so now I'm sitting on the floor looking at a huge pile of Brian's dirty filthy work clothes.

"What did I do to deserve this bullshit?" I asked anyone who would at least laugh at the way I had been living for the last year. Had I known that I would have to pick up after Brian and all his friends, I would have become a nun! At least the sex would be better or so I have been lead to believe from all the girls I know that went to Catholic schools. I pulled on a pair of sweats and a T-shirt, holding my breath and trying not to cringe I gathered up all his clothes and made my way to the laundry room. Dropping them with the rest of what I could only think of were the boys clothes, because they weren't mine, I opened the washer up and let out a string of cuss words that any sailor would be proud of.

"STUPIDGODDAMNLAZYFUCKINGSONOFABITCHINDICKLESSWONDER!!!" When I had to take a breath I started pulling out what had been at one time in the past white clothes, which now had the faint hue of green! Brian the boy wonder had just tossed any old thing into the washer and set the temperature on hot, which would have been all well and good if the dumbass had not mixed the colors and whites, soap would have helped a lot to. I could smell the stench of sweat and grease coming from the wet clothes.

I wondered how many years in prison I would get for killing him and all his friends? I felt like a den mother or one of those women that takes care of the dorm mother .

I had just sat down at the small cluttered kitchen table and tried to drink a cup of black coffee, it seems that all the milk was gone along with the sugar. In fact, the whole damn refrigerator was a barren wasteland, the cup I had for my coffee I had to wash because all the dishes were dirty. Made me wonder why I even left the store, I could at least sleep on the clean floor of the back room and have a decent cup of coffee when I woke up. And to think that I had been pulling between sixteen and twenty hour shifts for the past two weeks to be able to buy us nice stuff and then to come home to the city dump.

Looking at the clock, I saw that I had 20 minutes to get ready to head back to work for another day of hell. When I went into the bedroom if it had been possible to raise my blood pressure any higher with out having a stroke, I think this was it. Grumpy lay on the bed with one of my new white T-shirts clutched between his paws and teeth and was having one hell of a fun time of shredding it. I ignored him and started to get dressed, I would deal with his owner later. No sooner had I pulled my shoes on then Grumpy went running from the room, his baying could wake the dead and that meant that Brian was home. I walked out into the living room to find Brian kissing all over the filthy dog. I stood in front of him with my hands planted firmly on my hips and glared at both of them.

"Hi honey, going to work?" He continued to rough house with Grumpy, it finally hit him from my silence that there was something wrong. He stood up and at that, very second I slammed my fist with my shredded T-shirt clenched in it right into his stomach.

"You owe me a new shirt!"

Brian shook out the shirt and saw all the tears in it, a big grin came over his face when he looked down at Grumpy.

"Was my baby boy playing?"

That was the last straw! I spun on my heel and gave the beer can sculpture a roundhouse kick, cans flew across the room in every direction. My temper was flaring, I was ready to tear the whole house apart and Brian knew it. He wrapped his arms around me from behind and pulled me into his bony chest.

"What's wrong?"

I stiffened in his arms, not only from my anger but because the rank smell of stale sweat and beer was making me nauseous. I pulled away from him and swung my arms out to the sides looking like a demented Vanna White.

"Look at this fucking pigsty! I refuse to clean this place, when I get home I want it to be spotless!" I jabbed a finger into his chest just about breaking it against his bony breastbone. "You and your boys can clean it up and don't tell me they're not here!" I stepped closer to him, leaning my head back I gave him a narrowed eyed look. "I know they're hiding in the back yard waiting for me to leave."

"But Honey, we're going fishing down at the river." He gave me a puppy dog look.

"If this place is not clean when I get home, I'm going to the nearest MOTEL!!!!" I spun on my heel and slammed out of the house and just because I'm a bitch, I went around the back and scared the hell out of the boys creeping through the back door.

"CLEAN UP YOUR DAMN MESS!!!!" "Six grown men fell all over each other trying to either get in the house or out. They knew that I meant business, or it could have been the beer bottle that I held in my hand like a blunt weapon.

I had just crossed the road by the Middle School in Bolivar, 7-11 was only 20 foot away. For the past five years I had walked to work and I never paid much attention to the small building on the left side of the store that was separated by the road that ran back to the wrecking yard that Brian worked for. What caught my attention were workmen hauling materials in through the back door. For as long as I could remember the place was empty, obviously someone was going to fix it up and more than likely turn it into another phony antique furniture store. Like the Bolivar and Harpers Ferry area didn't already have enough of them. But people from Virginia and Maryland came to this tourist trap and bought the stuff thinking that they were getting a good deal on something that had never ever seen the 1990's let alone the civil war era. If they paid attention they would see the new pine furniture sitting out in the elements behind all the stores that advertised antiques for sale.

"Dumbasses will never learn, I know I could sell them my underwear as being worn by George Washington and they'd believe it!" I mumbled to myself as I ran across the road.

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I stood in the driveway after work and looked through the front window at the boys and Brian. I couldn't see any beer cans like before but I had this awful feeling that things weren't as they seemed. Going through the door I almost fell face first into the dirty foot stained carpet. Their way of solving the can collection was to put a fifty-five gallon drum near the door. What really got me was the mini basketball board that was attached to it, I knew right away what they were doing as a can came whizzing past my head, hit the backboard and landed into the drum. Jumping out of the way I spun towards the opposite wall to see one of the boys sitting in my favorite chair with a five-gallon bucket at his feet. All I could think of the use for it was to rolf in, that was until he whipped out his dick and started pissing in it!

I covered my eyes and stumbled towards our bedroom, I didn't know how much more of this I could take. Once again the floor had filthy clothes piled up and the room reeked. I opened the window and a glimmering caught my eye from the backyard, sliding up the screen I put my head outside and almost screamed bloody murder. I had found where they had thrown all the beer cans and bottles, a huge pile was built up in the center of the yard.

I knew what I had to do, I grabbed my Louisville slugger from the closet and went to the kitchen and got the box of leaf bags. Taking a place alongside of the TV, I dropped the bags and swung with all of my strength at the TV. It took the loud explosion and sparks for them to realize that I had even walked in front of every single one of them.

"Keila what in the hell did you do that for?" Brian yelled. Mistake one, never yell at me, stupid as they are, they made mistake number two by calling me a stupid bitch. I maybe a bitch but stupid I am not. Brian came towards me and met the end of my bat.

"I want every single one of you to get your asses out in the back yard and pick up those beer cans and bottles!" I lifted the bat up and took a practice swing. "Who's knee caps wanna come off?" They figured their knee caps were more important than picking up beer cans, Brian took the bags and they all went out the back door. I could hear them calling me every name in the book and I really didn't care. Minutes later I could hear the noise made from moving beer cans. I went into the bathroom, taking a shower when I heard the sound of tires peeling out of the drive.

"Good go sulk at someone else's house!"

I had the first peaceful sleep in more days than I can count. That was until the wee hours of the morning when I heard Brian come into the bedroom. I heard his boots hit the floor then the rustling of his clothes, I was not prepared for him pouncing on me. I knew what he wanted so I didn't fight, it would last all of three minutes anyway.

He was pumping into me with his head tucked near my ear, I knew he was done as soon as he belched in my ear. He rolled off of me and went to sleep and as par normal I got up went into the bathroom and used the strongest feminine products they sold, that is after I threw up. I'm no authority on sex but I don't think this is normal behavior.

Maybe it was Brian but most likely it was I who had the problem, I just didn't enjoy it and my stomach rebelled whenever I thought about sex. Just him sweating all over me grossed me out, along with his other bodily functions that he thought were just hilarious.

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A week has gone by and the house was clean for all of two days before it went back to happy hours at Brian and Keila's. I didn't know what else to do, I was thinking of just changing the locks on the place and kicking them all the hell out but I couldn't because the house belonged to Brian. I know sat out front on the window ledge of the store-watching people go into the building next door that they had opened at the beginning of the week. It was called MacArthur's Pub and from the looks it was very popular. I had fifteen minutes left on my shift, I couldn't wait to go home shower and crawl into bed. That went out the window when I saw Brian coming towards me from the new Pub, a smile a mile wide was on his face and I knew right then that I was in trouble.

"Hey Honey, you wanna try supper at the new place?"

"I had numerous thoughts before I accepted his offer, I mean really! I've been surviving off 7-11 food and it was getting pretty gross by now. I clocked out and took his hand to walk across the road to the Pub, it was not what I was expecting at all. The place was very nice inside and very Irish, Celtic music played softly in the background and the employees all wore Kelly green shirts with a four leaf clover over the left breast.

I had the 12 deep fried shrimp with plank fries and a Coke, or I should say I had two shrimp a couple of fries and two whole mouthfuls of Coke. Brian had called the boys and they helped eat my supper, I was to the point of leaving when I saw a blond head come bouncing through the crowd of assholes at our table.

Brenda grabbed me by my hand and pulled me to the side.

"Can't he go anywhere with out them assholes?"

"No, I'm waiting for all of them to move in and sleep with us!" We moved into a far corner to try and talk in private and to be able to hear each other without having to yell over the assholes big mouths. When we had almost made it Brenda ran right into the back of me nearly knocking me over a table.

"Mother fucker! I'll cut your hands off!" She yelled at a shocked man.

"What was that all about?" I asked her as we took chairs and placed them against the wall.

"Fucker grabbed my ass! And my mother asked me why I'd rather have a relationship with a woman than that!" She pointed to a scuzzy old man. "OOHHH MY GODS!!!" She yelled directly in my now deaf ear. "I'm in LUST!" I was about to get her a bib for her instant drooling



bout.

"What?"

"Her! Look at her ass, wouldn't you just love to..." She gave me a shake of her blond curls. "Well, maybe not you but I would love to run my hands all over her!" I followed her eyes to where a very tall woman with long jet-black hair was serving Brian and the boys. Brian did something I never thought he would do, he grabbed her ass! I wonder if he would have done that if I had still been there? Come to think of it I really didn't care, maybe he would dump me and I'd be free. Seeing him continue to grab her made me think of what I just said to myself, did I want to be free? OHH YEAH! I jumped when Brenda put the squeeze on my leg, I thought she was going to drop over on me when the woman came to ask for our order. I reached over and pushed Brenda's mouth closed, she was drooling all down her chin and couldn't get a word out to save her life. I looked over when an order pad came into my direct vision, on it was wrote "order please" I glanced up quickly then did a double take that left me staring into the bluest eyes I had ever saw. My mouth went dry, my heart stopped and now both Brenda and I looked like huge goldfish gasping for air. My eyes traveled from her eyes down to high cheekbones and all the way to where they lingered on her breasts before taking in the rest of her.

I felt Brenda smack me in my head, when I looked back up into those beautiful eyes I saw her mouth the words "Order Please" She then tapped her lips with two fingers, I knew why she had wrote on the pad, she couldn't speak. I took the pen from her hand and wrote that we wanted two bud lights, when I handed the pen back I could swear that I felt a shock go through my body when our fingers touched. A lopsided grin came to her lips before she walked away.

"Keila, where did she come from and are there any more!?!"

"Ahhh...huh?" I am such a literary genius. I lost all thought process as I watched her skin tight Levi's hug her ass.

"Mars to Keila! Hey are you ok?"

I turned to her with my mouth still hanging open, it was her turn to slam my jaw up. I heard the bartender yell the name Conor and the tall woman turned to him and nodded her head.

"Conor."

Brenda gave me a raised eyebrow look. "What?" She asked after her brows dropped down to gather over her nose.

"Her names Conor." She shook her head when she saw the stupid grin on my face.

"If I didn't know any better I swear you just jumped over on to my side of the fence."

It hit me as to what Brenda just said, I couldn't believe that I had just acted like a complete moron and over a woman! But it got worse when she brought our beers over and bent down

between us to put them on the table. I accidentally on purpose turned my head towards her and looked right down the front of her green polo shirt. When she left I smacked myself in the forehead for my crude male like behavior.

"I think I'm gonna head home, it's been a very long day." Rubbing my eyes I stood up after finishing my beer, I couldn't help but scan the area for one last look at Conor.

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That night I dreamed of pale blue eyes smiling down on me only to be interrupted by Brian and his flipping around in our bed. I wanted so badly to haul off and kick the shit out of him. I tried to go back to sleep and would have accomplished it had Brian not flopped his greasy hand on my chest. Looking down I saw all the filth beneath his fingernails and became so repulsed that I got up and went into the kitchen.

Getting the coffee pot ready I could hear the pig belching.

"How the hell can someone dead to the world belch?" I sat there and tried to write down all the reasons I was with Brian and all the reasons I should run for another country like Sweden and become a sheepherder or something. So far on the side that said to stay all I had was "House" On the side that said "RUN LIKE HELL!" I had listed, he's a pig, the boys, Grumpy, reeks, lack of hygiene, sex sucks, he's gross and disgusting and I didn't need to write any thing more down. For one reason I was making myself sick just thinking of all the repulsive things about Brian.

There was only one problem, I didn't have any place to go. My sister had a house full of kids and my parents drove me nuts with trying to get me to marry Brian. I can see myself married to him and ending up on Jerry Spring of Jenny Jones for the white trash special about "My Husband is allergic to soap and water!" I heard Grumpy come padding down the hallway into the kitchen, he gave me a disgusted look then plopped down at my feet.

"What's the matter Grumps did he run you out of the room with his rank body?" He gave me a snorting noise then I heard his big head hit the floor with a thump. "Believe me I know what you mean, maybe we can throw him in the river and...nope, he'll cause an ecological catastrophe and then the green peace people will put us in jail."

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I was bent over at the waist trying to find bags to put in the holders by the registers when I felt the hair raise on the back of my neck. I jerked my head up so fast that I hit the back of my head underneath the counter. I heard the boy's tabernacle choir, Pavarotti and Shania Twain all at once and the fourth of July fireworks on the Potomac dancing before my eyes.

"Mother FUCK that hurt!" I came up slower this time rubbing my aching head. I looked around the store but didn't see anyone, the feeling was still there though. I went back to trying to find the bags when I heard something placed on the counter, I came up saw pale blue eyes looking down

at me and the next thing I knew I was slipping on the bags that fell out of my hand and landing on my ass.

"Aahh man! I really need a vacation." Conor came around the corner of the counter and offered me her hand. I now know what it feels like to grab onto an electric cattle fence! One touch of her hand just about killed me. "Thanks...I'm such a klutz." I could feel my face turning all kinds of horrific reds. "Can I help you?" Conor pointed to the cup of coffee and package of animal crackers, she handed me a five-dollar bill and all I could do was stare at it.

"No, it's on me." She gave me a look with a raised dark eyebrow and tried to put the money in my hand.

"Honest, it's on me. I ahh...saw what my boyfriend did to you at the pub the other night. I'm sorry, he's such an asshole at times." Giving her a small smile I closed her fingers over her money. She nodded her head and gave me a smile then left me standing there praying that my heart would start back up on it's own and I wouldn't have to use jumper cables.

"What was that all about?"

"Ohh uhm, I bought her a cup of coffee." My voice seemed to climb a few octaves when Brenda snuck up and caught me watching Conor walk across the parking lot.

"I still think you fell over the fence or...you've been hiding in the closet for so long you don't know how to get out."

"Pulease!" I gave her a chuckle that didn't sound at all convincing to me. "I'm not in any kind of closet." Well, I don't consider what I did in high school as being gay, it was just experimentation. Right, just keep on telling yourself that Keila and maybe one day you'll actually believe it!

The rest of my time at work I kept looking out the door to see if Conor was within range of my limited vision. I knew that I would definitely have some very heavy thinking to do. I was confused as hell, wondering if the way I lived had anything to do about it. I also wondered if Brenda could keep her mouth shut if I talked to her about it. I can hear her now yelling about what kind of toaster oven she wanted. A goofy grin covered my face and I was humming to myself. Why? I haven't the foggiest idea! Brenda came out from the vault looking a little blue around the lips from the cold, she gave me a funny grin before she went into the office. I heard her chuckling and knew that she was watching the monitor on the desk, she could see me perfectly from the camera above me.

I just couldn't help myself, I just had to stick my tongue out at her and wiggle it in a very dykish way.

"Oohh baby! Come back here and do that!"

"You wish you were that lucky!"

"Wanna go for a late lunch over at the pub?"

That took me all of two seconds to say yes.

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Brenda and I were sitting at one of the tables waiting for Conor to take our order, I heard a very familiar laugh and felt my guts tighten. I looked over and saw Brian and the boys across the room slamming beers, and what really pissed me off was Brian groping Conor. My temper flared and I know that my ears were bright red.

"Keila what's wrong?"

"Asshole is over there grabbing Conor again! I'm gonna kill him when he gets home!" I had to ask myself if it was because I was jealous of him doing the grabbing or that I couldn't?

"Go over and knock the hell outta him."

"Ohh I plan on it as soon as I get some food in my stomach."

"I should have known that, nothing comes between you and food!"

I felt the tingles run up my neck and knew that Conor was close by, looking over my shoulder I got a face full of green shirt. Pulling back I looked up into smiling blue eyes and felt the heat run up my neck to my hairline. Brenda gave me a sharp jab in the ribs and a smack in the head bringing me back to earth and making me close my open mouth. Conor pointed to the menus before us. Since I was at a loss of the English language Brenda ordered for us. I turned my head to see her holding back hysterical laughter.

"Shut up!"

"Ahh come on I think it's funny! I wish I had a camera so you could see the doe eyed look on your face."

"Did not have one of those!"

"Did to!" She tilted her head to the side and gave me a wink. "So tell me Keila, what kind of cologne does she wear?"

"Drakar." Big kick in the ass for me!

"I thought you didn't pay attention to women?"

"How could I not? My Gods my face was right between her...never mind." I slunk down in my chair and covered my beet red face. "Brenda, is this normal? I mean I'm with Brian and all I can think of is..."

"The pair of pale blue eyes that are looking right at you?"

"What?"

"Don't look know but she's coming this way, 'cuz if you do your gonna have a lap full of food."

Conor put our plates before us along with fresh glasses of Coke, it was very hard for me to eat my food, answer Brenda and keep an eye on Conor.

"Is your gaydar working Brenda?"

"Always, why?"

"Is she?"

"Oohh boy!" She exclaimed loudly. "Open your eyes dipshit."

"Brenda, I don't have gaydar because I'm not gay."

"Been there, said it, and ignored it. Why is this so important to you?"

"I don't know, maybe if she is and Brian finds out then he'll stop grabbing her ass?"

Brenda gave me rolling eyes. "Good excuse there Keila, now tell me another one."

I just about came out of my shoes when I felt a large hand touch my shoulder, Conor placed the cheque in front of us before she mouthed a thank you and went back to serving the rest of the small crowd.

"That was interesting?"

"Oh like how, she only gave us the cheque?"

"And leaned over you after she touched your shoulder! I feel left out, after all I'm the dyke here and your not. But the most beautiful woman around besides myself is touching miss straight and narrow you!"

"Ohh please, it was an innocent gesture."

"Yeah, well maybe so but that isn't!" Brenda pointed to Brian who had pulled Conor down on to his lap, every time she tried to get up he grabbed her arm harder.

"Son of a bitch!"

Brian had just made a very big mistake, about 120lbs worth Brenda watched as Keila walked

over grabbed him by his ears and made him let go of Conor. When his mouth started to run off at her she slugged him in the jaw, his next mistake was hitting her back. Conor grabbed him by his throat with one hand, lifted him up out of his chair and carried him out of the pub that way, leaving the entire place deathly quiet. Brenda came running over to a shocked Keila who was wiping the blood from her lip and chin.

"I can't believe he did that!"

"Neither can I, or the fact that he called me a cunt either."

"Ohh is that why you slugged the hell out of him."

"Yep, shit I'm going to look like hell for work in the morning." I could feel my lip and jaw starting to swell, I grabbed Brian's beer from the table of still stunned men and put it against where he hit me. I felt a hand on my shoulder and turned to find Conor standing there with a concerned look on her face. She took the bottle from me, with a critical eye she checked my rapidly swelling jaw. She took my hand and started pulling me towards the back door of the pub, a worried Brenda followed us out the door and into the small house that was behind it. I assumed that she lived here or at least knew who did. Taking me into the small kitchen she pulled out a chair and sat me down then motioned for Brenda to do the same. I watched her grab a plastic bag from a cabinet and then fill it with crushed ice from the refrigerator dispenser. Wrapping it in a dishtowel she placed it on the discolored area and then put my hand up to hold it. I kept trading glances with a grinning Brenda, I was ready to kick her under the table if she didn't knock it off.

"By the way I'm Keila Johanson and this is Brenda Wilkes."

Conor wrote us a note telling us she was Conor MacArthur.

She started a pot of coffee and gave us a hand signal to stay and that she would be back in a minute. The second she was gone Brenda started to poke me in my ribs.

"Ya think if I go back in there and get hit she'll baby me?"

"She's not babying me so just stop all ready."

"Yeah, right tell me something I haven't witnessed with my very own eyes!"

Brenda shut up when we heard what could only be Conor's foot falls coming back in, she handed me a bottle of Advil's and a glass of water to wash them down with. When I was done she pulled the ice away and motioned for me to move my jaw.

"It's ok, just sore. Thank you for doing what you did, I don't know what's wrong with him anymore."

"He's got a dick?" Brenda tossed in.

"And is one!" I added. Conor smiled and shook her head making her long black hair swirl around her broad shoulders.

"Your right." She mouthed to us.

"Brenda, I can't go home until he cools off."

"You can come..."

"No. Thanks but that's the first place he'll look and I know your roommates wouldn't appreciate it if some raving lunatic came pounding on the door in the middle of the night. I'll just get a room at the Quality Inn down the road."

"That will be the next place he looks! What about...hell!"

"Exactly! What am I going to do?" I dropped my head down onto the table and winced when I hit my lip. Conor put coffee in front of us along with cream and sugar. When she was done I asked her if she would be in trouble for not being in the bar. She nodded her head and smiled at us, I thought I was going to fall out of my chair when she did that. She pointed to both of us and motioned for us to follow her.

She stopped at the end of a hallway and walked into a small room with a bed and dresser in it. Pulling a pad of paper from her back pocket she wrote a note that said "I was more than welcome to use the room as long as I needed it."

"I can't inconvenience you like this, besides I'm a total stranger."

"You'll be safe here." She gave me a pleading look.

"Gods this is hard." I jumped when Brenda grabbed my ass.

"Think about it dummy, will he look for you here?"

"But Brenda?"

"She'll stay and thank you for everything Conor."

I looked between the two of them and shook my head. "Brenda one of these days I'm gonna throw you off a bridge somewhere."

"Then it's settled." Conor showed me the note along with a beautiful smile that sent a warm feeling through my body. We followed Conor back out to the kitchen where we sat for a while and communicated with Conor passing us notes.

"I feel like I'm back in school and the teacher is gonna take the note and read it to the whole class again." Brenda snickered and gave me a wicked grin.

"You got caught? How dumb is that?"

"Well, at the time it seemed like a good idea, until I was thrown right outta my little closet in front of the whole math class!" Her eyes twinkled at us. "It got better, 'cuz then the principal called my parents and had them come down and get me. Not the way I expected to have them find out!"

We watched as Conor scribbled a note to us, she slid it across the table when she was finished.

"Try getting caught naked with your girlfriend in the barn loft by your father." My eyes grew wide after I read it, not only from the conformation but because Brenda stepped on my toes.

"That beat you Brenda!"

"Ok Keila, we spilled so what about you?"

I didn't even think about what I was going to say before it fell right out of my big mouth. "Never got caught." I looked at both of them, closed my eyes and groaned. "Ok Brenda before you say a word, yes I did experiment a little."

"And how much is a little miss straight thing?"

"Uuhhhh shit, heavy petting ok? Ya happy now?"

"And it made you hotter than Brian ever has!"

"Brenda, Grumpy can do that!"

Conor asked me who Grumpy was and all I could do was turn bright red.

"A big old dog." Brenda answered for me. "She's kinky, ya know whips and shit."

"I am not!"

"Look who's talking, you have a strap-on collection!"

"Only seven, ya know one for each day of the week. Gotta be prepared."

"Speaking of prepared." I looked down at my blood stained shirt and dirty black work pants. "I'll have to sneak into the house and get some clothes." I wiggled my eyebrows at Brenda. "Wanna play recon with me?"

"Are you nuts!?! He may at the house right now!"

"I could sneak into the bedroom window?"



Conor watched us with a raised eyebrow, scribbling a note she wrote. "Wait until later, I'll go with you two."

"Conor you don't have to do this."

She held up her hand, made a fist and slammed it into the palm of her hand as she mouth "Brian."

"Face it Keila." Brenda ruffled my hair. "You can't win."

Brenda and I sat in Conor's kitchen while she went back to work, we planed on going over to my house as soon as Conor was done. The time seemed to drag and pass by quickly all at the same time. We jumped when Conor appeared in the kitchen wearing a black hooded sweatshirt and jingling car keys.

"Guess this is it then, time to kick some ass if need be." I groaned the last part, I did not even want to touch Brian any more than I had to.

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Conor pulled her old Chevy truck on the street behind the house that I use to live in with the biggest asshole ever known to me. We crept past the neighbor's side door hoping that they didn't notice two women tripping over each other and the tallest one trying to keep us from hitting the ground in a heap. Brenda had her hand over her mouth to stop the giggling fit that she wanted to have, Gods only knows what was going through her head and if he was smart he'd run while he had the chance because the little dyke had one hell of a vindictive mind.

We got to the bedroom window without being caught, I didn't worry about Grumpy because he was to dumb to notice if the place was being ransacked by burglars. I slid the window up and with my great height being that it is I couldn't get my leg over the windowsill to get in. Conor picked me up by my waist and put me through the window, once in all I could do was look at her with amazement. I almost lost my composure when Brenda started feeling Conor's biceps then looked at what she was most definitely lacking in her own physique. Brenda reached out towards Conor with an index finger and poked her in her upper chest, the look on her surprised face was priceless. I was waiting to see if she was going to do the T-paper squeeze test, the minute I saw both of her hands come up in those claw like forms I grabbed the first thing I could find and hit her with it.

I didn't wait to see what happened after my impromptu attack on her I started throwing all my clothes that I could find out the window along with what else was mine. I figured I had enough and went back out to pick them up, Conor had an arm full and Brenda was staggering around the back yard holding her head. I got worried that maybe I had hurt her, I was about to grab her when I saw the glimmering of beer cans right in front of her, my mouth dropped open but

nothing came out. Conor seen the panicked look on my face then looked to see Brenda take one more step and fall right into the huge pile of beer cans that the asshole as I will refer to Brian from this day forward and the boys had not picked up like I assumed. That word has become my worst nightmare, it always works against me!

The loud crash and curses coming from Brenda could have woke up people three counties over. Conor and I moved at the same time, flinging my clothes to the side we ran and dove onto Brenda and the three of us rolled to the other side of the pile. Brenda started to yell but her voice was being muffled by something, I assu...hoped that it was Conor's hand and not a beer can wedged in her mouth. Then again what I've seen her do with her tongue and a long neck beer bottle I knew I had no worries. We stayed still when Grumpy started baying and the outside lights flipped on.

"Fucking cats must be chasing the rats again." The asshole said to Grumpy right before he flipped the lights off.

When I had the guts to open my eyes I saw a pair of pale blue eyes looking down at me from about an inch away. What I wouldn't give to be able to move up that inch! Did I just say that? Anyway, Conor jerked her arm and almost crushed me! I looked to see Brenda's white teeth flashing in the night then her tongue wiggling, Conor wiped her hand on Brenda's chest and grimaced. I then knew that my wicked little friend had been being very bad, that's ok paybacks were a bitch and when she found out what had caused her to stumble around like an idiot I know there would be an all out war.

We grabbed up my clothes and ran like hell back to Conor's truck, Brenda pushed me in first then slammed the door after her. When she got a good look of herself in the side view mirror her face went completely white, all Conor and I could do was snicker.

"I think I'm gonna be sick!" Brenda's face was turning some pretty strange colors. "Your a dead woman Keila!" She flung a pair of Brian's dirty jockey shorts out the window of Conor's truck. "Now I gotta shave my head!" She whined after she smacked the hell out of my shoulder.

"Sorry Brenda, but you have to admit it's kinda funny." I gave her a great big wicked grin. I could hear Conor snorting out her nose, out of the side of my eye I saw her grab her throat and a look of extreme pain flashed across her face.

"Are you all right?" Putting my hand on her forearm she turned to look at me I saw the tears in her eyes, I wiped them from her cheeks and gave her a small smile.

Hauling all my clothes into the house I was pissed when I noticed that allot of them had holes and cuts in them.

"That son of a bitch! Look what he did to my clothes?" I held up my concert shirt from when I had seen Terry Clark. Half of the bottom was torn off. Conor took it from my shaking hand and showed on her own body a half shirt. I nodded my head and before I knew it she had pulled out a knife and cut the rest of the bottom away.

"Looks like I'm going to be sewing a lot in the next couple of days."

"You can sew?" Brenda asked me.

"Of course I can, I just have to make sure I have a good supply of Band-Aids." I grinned at her shaking head.

"Still say your in a closet."

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I was dreading what I had to do next, it was inevitable that Brian would contact my family, and tell them all kinds of lies to make me look bad. For some asinine reason they thought Brian was the greatest thing in the world and that if I didn't take the chance given to me to marry him I'd be an old spinster. Shows they thought I was some kind of useless female.

I asked Conor if I could use her phone and she gave me this exasperated look like "You live here, why are you asking?" I just felt that I should ask permission, after all I had just walked in that day and everything was still kinda of surreal for me. I took the cordless and went into the small living room and sat down on the comfortable couch that sat in front of a large screen TV. I grinned evilly thinking that I was going to be able to watch this huge TV and Brian didn't even have one now.

I waited for the phone to be picked up, and as the usual the first words out of my mother mouth was "When's the wedding?"

"Mother, I am not marrying that asshole! I told you before how many times?"

"I don't know why not, he's such a nice man and he has a good job and provides for you."

My temper was getting ready to skyrocket. "If he's such a catch YOU marry him!"

"Don't be ridiculous Keila..."

"He punched me tonight in front of a whole group of his friends and strangers. Do you really think I'd stay with him after that?"

"I can't see him doing that, you must have done something to provoke it."

"Ooohh nooo, don't put this on me! I caught him molesting one of the pubs employees and when I stopped it he called me a fucking cunt!"

I could see my mother now with her jaw hanging on the floor, she thought it was a sin of God to swear.

"Watch your mouth young lady, I didn't raise you to speak like that."

"And I wasn't raised to be called that and all the other names that he calls me. I left him tonight and I'm not going back!"

"I think your making a big mistake, where are you going to live? You can't live on your own."

"My mistake was going out with him at all and I'm quite old enough to live on my own. I'm not a child, I'm 28 years old."

Brenda and Conor stood in the kitchen, they couldn't help but over hear the one sided conversation. Conor raised her left eyebrow at Brenda.

"Her mother is a real idiot, she thinks we're still back in the dark ages and women can't survive with out an asshole man."

Conor mouthed one word. "Ignorant."

"Mother I'm not going back so just forget about it and I'm not telling you where I'm staying."

"But Keila, how an I suppose to get hold of you?"

"It's been how many months since you called me? I'm hanging up now, bye."

I leaned back on the couch and closed my eyes, I knew she was going to give me that line of bullshit. To hell with her and Brian.

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A week had gone by with me waking up 5 minutes before I was suppose to be at work, jumping in the shower and running out the door with my shoe laces dragging across the ground. One of these days I know I'd end up kissing asphalt. Brenda had threatened to buy me those shoes with Velcro on them, that was enough to make me cringe. I already looked like a geek with my clothes all sewn up and grandma shoes would really have me in the top 10 list of people you should avoid.

During the day I saw Conor maybe 30 minutes and that was when she stumbled in exhausted from the pub, her once brilliant blue eyes showed lack of sleep and the dark circles below were getting darker by the day. I knew what I was going to do as soon as I got off work. I was going to spy on her and see if there was any way that I could help. That is when all the idiots that spend their hard-earned money left with their handful of lottery tickets.

I hadn't been in the pub since the night that Brian had hit me, I didn't want to see him or the boys. I wanted a clean break and staying away was the only thing that I could do to keep it that way. I found the back door to the kitchen, when I walked in I saw a small woman with black hair with

streaks of silver running through it flipping burgers on the grill.

"Just don't stand there Keila, grab those buns on the counter for me."

I was shocked to say the least, I had no idea who she was but obviously she knew me.

"How do you know who I am?" I walked up beside her with the buns in my hand. When she turned her head I knew instantly who she was, her pale blue eyes surrounded by dark lashes smiled up at me.

"Ohh because your all my baby talks about. I'm Katy Conor's Momma." Her grin was mischievous and contagious.

"Why would she be talking about me, I never see her except for when she comes dragging in at night. Which is the reason I'm here." I looked down at my feet and found that my shoestrings were the most horrid shade of gray. "Is she the only waitress?" I asked in a whisper.

"Yep, for now anyway. She's put an add in the paper and so far no ones contacted her about the job."

"But why not?" I was shocked that no one had called.

"It seems that word has gotten around about how the men act around here."

"That's another thing that I wanted to ask her about, why she lets those assholes grab her all the time."

"She found out in our other pubs if she smacked the hell outta them." She turned to look at me with a troubled look. "It just caused more problems."

I could see that there was something hiding behind what she said, I'm not the type of person to let things go unsaid.

"What's the real reason? Conor isn't the type to let men get away with anything, she proved that when she threw Brian out by his neck."

"You never heard this from me." She pointed a finger at my chest.

"Nope, didn't hear a thing. Now what is it?"

"One night in one of the other pubs, a guy grabbed her breast." Katy put the last of the burgers on the tray then slid it through the window to a long fingered hand that I knew belonged to Conor. She waited until she knew Conor was out of earshot. "She lost her temper and beat him until he was unconscious, when the police came they cuffed her and dragged her away. She had to spend the night in jail and then go through all the bullshit with the court systems." Katy leaned back against the counter and crossed her arms over her chest. "She was convicted for assault and

battery and is on probation for the next year."

I was floored, I didn't know what to say but it explained a lot. "Why not hire a bouncer for the place, that way she wouldn't be put in the position of having to put up with all the assholes grabbing her?"

"Hopefully by the end of the week her Enforcer will be here and all the grabbing and pawing will be over with. I know that's why she's so tired, she keeps running around out there to avoid their hands." She gave me a grin that was so much like Conor's. She pointed to the small window and I look out into the pub and watched Conor fly from one table to the next. One table in particular she tried to reach as far as her long arms could to put the pitchers of beer on it, I didn't have to see the men to know who was sitting there. I heard Brian's ignorant laugh as Conor shot backwards from pawing hands. My temper flared red-hot and before I knew it I was walking into the pub, hands clenching at my sides with each stride across the floor towards the table. Brian never saw it coming, I grabbed him around his skinny neck in a half nelson and dragged his ass out the door. I may be small but when pissed I can lift semi trucks up and toss them to the side. Brian was yelling the whole way out the door, I let go of him and dropped his stupid ass on the ground, before he could get up I drop kicked him in the nuts.

"Keep your fucking hands off Conor!" I screamed into his ear while he retched his guts out. "If you lay your filthy hands on her one more time it'll be your last!" I was just about to kick him again when strong arms wrapped around me from behind and picked me up. I was about to start struggling to get free when I smelled Drakar.

"Fucking DYKES!!!" Brian yelled from where he was trying to get up. I tried to get free of Conor's hold but she carried me into the Pub and went right to the kitchen. She let me go and pushed me down into one of the chairs by a small table. I looked up into her darkened blue eyes but before I could say a word she jabbed me in my chest and shook her head no. Pleading blue eyes looked to Katy.

"Keila, Conor would tell you this if she could." She placed a hand on our shoulders. "Don't make the same mistake that she did, it's not worth it."

"But Brian deserved it and more!"

"We know this, but he can gain more from hurting you than he can from grabbing Conor."

"I don't get it?"

"He knows your living with Conor and figures if he keeps grabbing her that you'll do exactly like you did today."

"How does he know I'm living with her?" I rubbed my eyes and groaned. "Stupid bitch! Of course he knows, he works not 25 foot from the house." I looked into Conor's blue eyes hoping she could see how sorry I was. "I'll move out so that you don't have to put up with his bullshit anymore."

Conor put her hands on either side of my face and shook her head no, taking a pad of paper from her pocket she scribbled on it then handed it to me.

The note said. "He's an asshole and if you do that, he wins."

"But why is he doing all of this?"

Katy pulled up a chair and sat down next to me. "Because you made him look like the asshole he is in front of all those men. So to get back and make it look like it's all your fault he keeps playing games. He ran his mouth in here and told all of them that he threw you out because you were frigid in bed."

I busted up laughing, Katy and Conor gave me a strange look. "For once the asshole didn't lie!" I wiped the tears that were running down my face from my laughter. "Frigid is not the word I would use, desperately sick, nauseous or praying for death are more like it!" I took a deep breath, looking at Conor's concerned face made my heart ache. "He called us dykes, I wonder how many other people think that?"

"Does it matter?" Katy asked.

I thought for a few minutes and came to the conclusion that "No, it doesn't." I grinned evilly at both of them. "I'll tell everybody that he's so bad in bed that he made me that way." Conor's eyebrow buried itself in her dark bangs. "I know that's not how it is but these idiots don't."

"He already passed around that you two are lovers."

I raised both of my eyebrows at Katy then looked at Conor's grin. "Am I frigid with you to?"

"Ohh boy Conor, your in deep shit now!" Katy laughed all the way back to the grill.

"I'll pass it around that your a screamer." Conor wrote on her pad.

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I started spending more time in the kitchen with Katy, helping her with the cooking and stealing glances of six foot of woman running around in the pub. I knew every inch of her body by now and wondered to myself why I kept watching her like I did. Or why I felt a slow burn when our eyes connected through the small window. Numerous times I caught Katy grinning at me from her permanent spot in front of the grill.

Brenda came in with me everyday to eat lunch, which we did back in the kitchen, she was to the point where she was going to beat Brian up if she went out front. That would all come to an end in a few days, Conor's Enforcer was suppose to be here to take care of the rowdy assholes and from what I heard this person was a real monster.

"So Keila, how's the lesbian life treating you?" Brenda asked me.

"I wouldn't know, you haven't told me anything lately."

"Ha ha very funny." She gave me a slanted eyed look. "Ya know it spread like wild fire."

"Did it really, I wonder if I'm having any fun?" I froze in the middle of lifting my fork. "Shit! I bet my family is going nuts right about now! I should call my sister and see if she's heard anything."

Brenda dropped her head down towards her chest. "She's suppose to come see you tomorrow at work after she drops the kids off at school."

"Just great! Then she is more understanding than our mother." I wish that I could drop into a hole somewhere and forget about seeing Tina, she would give me the third degree.

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The store had been crazy all morning, some kind of big happening in town had brought people from all over and even though our store was kind of hidden they still managed to find it. The last of the crowd had just gone out the door when I heard Brenda yell at me from the office.

"How's your girlfriend doing?"

"Brenda I do not have a girlfriend!"

"Oohh sooo all those longing looks you give Conor are being wasted huh?"

"I do not do that! She's just my roommate, nothing more. Hell I never see her except for at the pub."

Grumbling under my breath. "I'm not longing for Conor."

"Ohh so you two have already done the deed." She yelled loud enough that the people in the pub could hear her. I jumped up on the counter right in front of the camera. A wicked grin on my face as I unzipped my smock. "Hey Brenda, suck my tits!" I pulled up my T-shirt and flashed her.

"KEILA!"

I turned to see my sister standing in the doorway along with Conor right behind her. I felt my face turn the same color red as my smock.

"Hey Sis, good to see you. How are the kids?" I tried to give her a bright smile hoping she didn't hear Brenda laughing her ass off in the office. Conor smiled at me and shook her head as she helped me down off the counter. Tina stood right in front of me with a smirk on her face.



"So Mouse." She used the nickname she had given me years ago. "Do you always flash Brenda?"

"Nope, in fact this was a first for her. I just took her flashing virginity."

Tina was taller than me and had dark brown hair and eyes, she made sure that she was always standing so that she towered over me. "So where's this woman your sleeping with?" I knew she was joking by the glimmer in her brown eyes. I dropped my head down and cast a sideways glance to where Conor was making a cup of coffee. Tina's eyes grew wide when she looked at Conor.

"My Gods Keila!" She whispered only loud enough for me to hear. "She's gorgeous! I'd jump the fence for her."

"Tina, I didn't jump any fence so just stop. Brian's just pissed because I left his nasty ass." She came to stand right in front of me and dropped her head so that we were nose to nose. "I'm gonna do something for you that needs to be done." I was confused as all hell. Tina reached down and picked me up in her arms and went right towards the office where Brenda was sitting in front of the monitor with Conor behind her. "Tina what the hell are you doing." I held on with my arms around her neck and hoped she didn't drop me. "Tina?" She walked up to Conor and dropped me into her arms then looked down at where Brenda had froze the picture of me flashing her on the monitor.

"To bad you couldn't print that, we could put it in the family album." Tina said with a deep chuckle.

Even though there was no place I would rather be than in Conor's strong arms, I gazed up at her and shrugged my shoulders as I wiggled free so that I could smack both Brenda and Tina.

"Your both sick bitches!" I jabbed Tina in her chest with my index finger. "And to think your my sister!"

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When Conor came home that night I was sitting at the kitchen table balancing my checkbook and wishing my last name was Gates. After paying my bills and my car payment, I was looking at a four-digit number and three of those digits were zeros.

"Maybe I could kidnap Brian and sell him to a research lab?" I was doing my usual by talking to myself. "Nah, from the looks of him they would think he had already been there for an extensive amount of time for testing for chemical reactions on rodents."

A piece of paper slid across the table and stopped in front of me.

"Mental hospital, \$50.00 a head." Conor had wrote.

"There's an idea!" I grinned at her evilly. "Hijack one of those tour busses that goes to Atlantic city and turn them all in! I could retire early!" I could tell that I scared her with my idea. "I can get worse ya know." Conor covered her ears and walked over to the eternal coffee pot, I gave her a look that told her to drink at her own risk. At Brian's I learned that coffee had to be stretched, so I drank it whether it was five hours old or ten hours past the time it began to have a life of it's own. Sometimes the only intelligent conversations I had in that house were with Grumpy and the things living in the refrigerator.

I sat back and wondered if I could claim Social Security benefits for my mental health problem because I was definitely insane when I moved in with Brian. And for now also. As I watched Conor move around the kitchen with panther like grace, the things that ran wild through my wicked little mind about how she could put those movements to work. She turned and caught me with a lecherous look on my now blushing face. Her raised eyebrow told me all I needed to know. In the short time I had been around her I knew that that look was a questioning one when she tilted her head a certain way.

"I was just thinking about...Brian." Yeah right you idiot! "Uuhhmm...so when's your Enforcer supposed to be here." I'm so smooth with changing topics, just like 40-grain sand paper. The soft snort told me she saw me as a piece of crystal. I really suck at lying! She held up two fingers and pointed to her watch, I couldn't wait to meet this person. But then again the word MY Enforcer gave me the impression that there was more to the picture between them. My heart sank a little and my mind sped up double time. Why did it bother me that she had a lover? Was I jealous because she had one and that I didn't or the fact that I found her very attractive and wanted her for myself? At the rate that I was going she would be making a quick fifty bucks by turning ME into the nut house!

I felt warm air come across my face and came back to Mars to see cleavage. Conor was leaning over the table waving her hand in front of my face, of course now I feel like a piggish man for looking right down her shirt and worse for wanting to bury my face between her breasts. I nearly came out of my chair when she used her fingers under my chin to tilt my head up so that our eyes were meeting.

She mouthed the words. "Are you ok?"

"Huh?" I'm such a brilliant conversationalist! I wonder if I threw myself in front of a semi truck if it would be considered suicide? My new mantra that just replaced my old one of "I hate Brian" is "I'm not gay?" Ran through my head. I really need to talk to Brenda about all of this or call a help line.

I can hear myself now asking them asinine questions like. "Am I gay if I want to jump my female friend even though I've only slept with men?" Cha-ching one more toaster oven!

Conor's dark brows dipped down over her nose, she tilted her head to the side. Before my very eyes she smiled so big I thought her jaws were going to pop. Then I heard a rumbling noise coming closer to the house, Conor was up and running out the door. It must be her girlfriend the

Enforcer. I felt like a ton of bricks fell on my head. I walked to the front door like I was being led to the electric chair, did I want to see this person? How bad could it be?

Really BAD! They stood in the drive way wrapped around each other next to a huge dark blue Harley. I really needed to get a grip on myself. "I'm not gay, I'm not gay" But it hurt to see her with this strange woman in such a affectionate way. After Conor placed a kiss on this woman's forehead she put her back on the ground, they were heading my way and I wished that a giant hole would open up so that I could jump and end it all.

"Hey ya, I'm Chianne Bruster." I almost fell over when I looked into her golden eyes after taking her extended hand. Spooky was a good word for the feeling I had and extremely tiny! She stood maybe five foot seven and looked like she could bench press Conor's truck! Thick muscles covered her entire body making her look like a miniature Chyna. No wonder she's a bouncer! Plus it solved one question about Conor. She likes body builders, which I am not. I do work out but there is no way in hell I'd ever look like Chianne!

Conor smacked Chianne in her head then shook her head no and mouthed the words "Pony."

"Where?" Being a natural blonde I can't use the excuse of peroxide melting my brain cells for my ignorance.

"Right in front of you." Chianne answered. "Just love how Conor uses one word sentences, mass confusion." I was thinking that she wasn't much better until she told me that her nickname was Pony.

"Why Pony?" S&M pictures ran through my head as to why she would be called Pony. Did I want to know?

"That's Conor's way of reminding me how stupid a city kid I was." She backhanded Conor in her stomach when she snorted at her. "We got drunk one night and Conor took us out to this field. She said it would be fun to do some cow tipping. So here's all us Dumbasses drunk ass shit trying to tip over what we found out were tiny little pony's, while stretch here stands back and laughs her ass off. Well, I just happen to find the one that hated humans. I went to tip her over and she kicked the hell outta me then sat on my chest." She smacked Conor again. "And don't start up with Chia pony or Chia pet either! I could kill mom for my name!"

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I was jerked from a deep sleep with a big crash coming from the living room. I scraped myself off the ceiling and stumbled with blurry eyes out to the living room. There half on the couch and the other half on the smashed coffee table were Conor and Pony passed out.

"You two love birds can stay there until morning!" I whispered harshly. "Normal people are in bed at this time of the damn morning and I hope you guys get the hang over from hell!" I wasn't really mad that I had been woke up, it was because they had been over at the pub after closing all

by themselves and I could only imagine what they had been doing besides drinking. The green monster was beating me up one side and down the other.

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"Ya think she bought it?" Pony asked a snickering Conor.

"Psssss!" Conor pointed to what was left of the table beneath them.

"Hope ya didn't like it any." Pony lifted one of her legs to pull a piece of wood out. "From the look on her face I think little Blondie is pissed at you! Tell me again why were doing this?"

Conor gave her the eyebrow then growled at her.

Conor pulled extra blankets and a pillow out of her closet and handed them to Pony who had cleaned up the broken coffee table so she could get to the couch where she would be sleeping until her apartment was ready.

Conor lay on her bed fully clothed, grabbing the edges to try and keep the bed from tossing her on the floor. She had no idea why she let Pony talk her into doing rum shooters but she would pay for it in the morning. Pony always could out drink her, had something to do with her quick metabolism or something. One of these days she would get her so wasted that she would be praying to the porcelain Goddess for hours.

Pony tossed and turned on the couch trying to find a position that didn't make her head pound so much, she knew that last shot of rum would make her pay for her ego. Now she waited for the night sweats to hit, that always happened when she drank to much and the reason why she had stopped her partying ways, but she always made an exception when it came to Conor. She was just to funny when she was loaded and trying to pretend that she wasn't.

"The pain I go through for amusement." She groaned from the seven little dwarfs beating on her brain. "Conor and her damn contests!"

After I beat the hell out of my pillow a few times I finally got back to sleep. So now my blurry eyes shot daggers at the alarm clocks I had purposely put across the room. I hated getting up at 0430 to go to work but that meant that I got off in the afternoon and had the rest of the day to get things done, unless I got stuck pulling a double shift or groceries and the liquor order came in. Which is what today was, 90 cases of liquor to put away not including what was ordered for MacArthur's pub. I didn't mind putting the liquor away, it was the drunks who tried and put it in their pockets before I could get it on the shelf that pissed me off.

Like I couldn't see the two fifths of rot gut sticking out of someone's pockets! I had learned a long time ago that men are the stupidest creatures on the planet. I now know that I wasn't much better by dating and living with the king of the idiots. I shocked myself but wishing that there was an island somewhere that was inhabited by only women like the Amazons of Greek history.

I made sure that I made as much noise as possible in the kitchen as a form of paybacks from early that morning. Grabbing a travel mug from the cabinet I made my short walk over to the store.

I was sitting at the desk when Brenda came in looking like she had been hit by a beer truck. Her hair was wilder than I've ever seen it and her eyes looked like tomatoes in color.

"Gods your ugly first thing in the morning! No wonder all your girlfriends leave you."

"Gee thanks, I love you to." She dropped down into the chair next to me and let her headrest on the edge of the desk. Her groaning made me feel like I was in there with a suffering wildebeest.

"You had a date with Jose Cuervo last night didn't you?"

"Him and the rest of his family, including his pet worm. I will never drink again...until next weekend that is." Brenda leaned back in the chair to look at me, a grin formed on her face. "And why do you look so rough this morning?" "Because Conor and Pony decided to come in drunk and fall all over the place making enough noise to wake the dead!" I rubbed my tired eyes. "I hope they're both suffering with hang overs."

"Ooohh do I hear a bit of jealousy in your voice?"

"No, why would I be jealous? Conor and I are just friends and Pony is her girlfriend, who by the way looks like she could wrestle gators and win."

"Damn! All the good ones are always taken." She ginned at me with her evilness. "Are you gonna come out of that closet yet?"

"Brenda I am not in any closet." I started my mantra, I'm not gay I'm not gay! Did it help? NO! I was just about to ask Brenda a very important question when the grocery truck from McClain's showed up. I groaned more for my chicken shit ways than the fact that I had all the stock to put away.

"I guess this means we have to work huh?" Brenda asked me with an low grumble.

An hour later Keila was sitting on the floor surrounded by the gray totes filled with the new inventory that needed to be scanned into the computer, priced and put on the shelves when the liquor truck pulled back to the front doors. Brenda couldn't help but laugh at her after the truck had been unloaded. The boxes where way over her head and she was standing on a little wooden stool so that she could open the boxes up.

"Need a ladder Keila?"

"Ha ha very funny, like your much taller than me." I knew that the driver piled the boxes this

high just to get me mad. Not to mention that the damn things were heavy as hell and shifted when you carried them. I was just about to give up when two would be slaves came through the doors.

"Good, you two can carry all this stuff to the back room for me." Conor and Pony gave me a laser death look on the scale of 10, 10 being the highest. "You two can sweat off all the booze ya put away last night.

"And why exactly should we do this for you?" Pony asked me.

"Because I'm soo irresistible and your such nice people." I was laying it on thick.

"Conor you gonna let her sweet talk us into doing all her work?" Conor just smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"Come on Pony, with all your muscles are you telling me these little boxes are gonna kill you?" Pony grumbled under her breath but grabbed four boxes of liqueur and headed for the back room.

"Brenda can you show Pony where to stack the boxes."

"Why me? I always feel like your lackey!" I thought to myself. "Because I want Conor all to myself, so you get Pony."

Pony hadn't even come back yet before I was dragged off to the office by a flustered Brenda.

"All my Gods Brenda!" She just about screamed in my ear. "Do ya think Conor would notice if her girlfriend came up missing as in kidnapped and cuffed to my bed forever?"

Pony pulled Conor into the back room took the boxes from her and jumped up and down like a little kid. "I want Brenda! Can I have her? Can I, can I. Tell me she's free!"

Conor held onto a pleading Pony by her shoulders. She mouthed the words to her. "Yes, she's free. But make it discreet."

"No problem, YES!" They froze the minute Keila stepped into the back room. "You two done playing around back here?"

"You ain't no fun!" Pony puffed out her chest, spread her lats and strutted out to impress Brenda with her muscles.

"What is she doing?" I asked a snickering Conor who just shrugged her shoulders. "I wish you could speak, it would make things a lot easier." She draped one arm over my shoulder, lead me out of the room and into my land of sexual frustration.

After all the liquor was put up and the other stuff taken over to the pub, it was time to clock out. I was worn out and just wanted to take a hot bath and go to bed. But Conor and Pony had other ideas. They convinced me to go with them to the tourist trap part of Harpers Ferry and walk around. It was the last thing I wanted to do, but then again I would get to spend some time with Conor and get to know the tall silent woman. And watch how she interacted with Pony.

We walked through the area with Pony in front of us scaring all the tourists off into the roadway. It was like having an armed escort, that all of a sudden went completely ballistic and ran off.

"Where's she going?" I watched as Conor pointed to where Pony was flirting with Brenda. "Match made in HELL!" Conor just chuckled, she put her hand on my lower back and guided me into the homemade ice cream shop where she bought me a triple scoop of chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream. She just got 10 points added to her scorecard. By the time we headed back so that she could open the pub my body was on a sexual high from all the small touches she had given me through out the day, I have always been a touchy person so it was nothing for me to place my hand upon her arm or touch her to get her attention. So when she did the same to me it was something I had never been exposed to. Brian never touched me except for one reason and I always felt sick. If she only knew what she had done to me. And of course I was repeating my mantra continuously the entire time to myself.

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Brenda and I were sitting in the kitchen with Conor's Mom when I got up the nerve to ask the questions that had been beating me in the head for the last two weeks.

"Can I ask you a question? Now this is just because I'm curious, nothing more."

"Question away."

"How do you feel around Pony? Does your heart beat uncontrollably in your chest and make you feel like your having a heart attack?" Brenda gave me the eyebrow look.

"How did Brian make you feel?"

"Hey that's not what I'm asking about!"

"Maybe it's the same way?"

"Sooo, Pony makes you sick to your stomach and you want to run to the hospital for a rabbi shot?" I grinned at her.

"HELL NO!! All she has to do is touch me and I feel like I've been hit by lightning. Does that help?"

"Sorta." "Oohh I get it! You want to know if the feelings you get from Conor means your a dyke."

"I do not get any feelings from Conor touching me."

"Ohh so that stupid grin you had on your face all day was for nothing? And every time I saw you two your hands were all over each other because you didn't like it?"

I chewed on my bottom lip, at a total loss of words as I relived earlier that day. "You know I'm a touchy person, it's just me."

"Right! Get out of the closet already. I know what you need to do!" She gave me a toothy grin and let me stew for a good five minutes.

"WHAT!?!"

"Kiss her!"

"Are you nuts? I told you I'm not gay."

"So it won't matter if you kiss her because your not gay."

"Your an ass, ya know that?"

"Yep, I dare ya to go out there and lay one on her."

She knew that I would never turn down a dare, even if it killed me.

"And what do I get if I do this?"

"Uhhmm an answer to your question?"

I growled at her, I knew she would never let me live it down if I didn't do this. So I got up on shaky legs and half stumbled to her snickering out into the bar area to look for Conor. The only one I found was a pissed off Pony tossing some drunk out the door.

"Pony where's Conor?"

She wiped her hands on her pant legs and grimaced. "She had a doctor's appointment in Baltimore, she won't get back until late tonight."

"It's nothing serious is it? She never said anything to me about having to go to one."

"Nah, just a check-up. Is it like this in here all the time with these asshole men?"

"If you mean the shitty pick-up lines and the ass grabbing? Yep!"



"No wonder Conor begged me to come out here from the other pub."

I went back into the kitchen and ran right into Brenda who was peeking out the little window.

"Where is she?"

"In Baltimore at a doctor's appointment." I was hoping that I had just got out of the dare.

"I guess it can wait until later, I mean what's the hurry."

I left after talking to Conor's mom since Brenda abandoned me to flirt with Pony. I wondered how Conor felt about that? To each their own. I went back to Conor's and took a nice hot bath to relax all the muscles that had been screaming from the store work and walking for hours in town. I went to bed right after that to be waken again early in the morning by sounds I knew were coming from Conor's bedroom. I almost went over and pounded on her door for her and Pony to stop making so much damn noise with their moaning and groaning. If they were going to do that all the time I would have to find another place to live. I just couldn't handle knowing that they were having sex right across the hall from me. Then pictures of Conor naked popped into my head and made my body do things it hadn't ever done before. I gave up and went to the kitchen to make coffee, plus it was far enough away that I couldn't hear them.

After drinking three pots of coffee and feeling like I could run across the world and back from the caffeine high I felt the prickles on the back of my neck and knew that Conor was behind me. I wanted to lash out at her for all the noise but as soon as I saw how tired she looked I changed my mind.

"You want a cup of coffee, it's fresh?" I went to get up but she placed her hand on my shoulder keeping me in my chair.

"You look tired, long night with Pony huh?" She turned from where she was fixing her coffee and gave me a funny look. I turned when I heard giggling coming from behind me and saw Brenda looking like a rough road hanging all over an equally disheveled Pony. I covered my eyes and dropped my head down onto the table. I had just made a huge ass out of myself to Conor. I wondered how Conor felt seeing her girlfriend with Brenda. I was about to look up to see the expression on Conor's face when I felt warm air touch my ear and neck, I froze and held my breath.

A deep throaty voice whispered in my ear. "I didn't have any fun, but they did." The tingles that went through my body headed right for the south area and sat down there and screamed bloody murder. If Conor could do that by just talking...she talked to me! I jerked my head up and just about knocked her out when my head collided with her nose. She stumbled back and hit the counter with her back and slid to the floor. I jumped up out of my chair and straddled her hips. Blood was running from both of her nostrils, I just knew I broke her nose. Not thinking I pulled my T-shirt off and wiped the blood from her face.

"Gods I'm so sorry Conor! I didn't know you were still that close." I watched as her eyes rolled back in her head and she fell forward into me.

"Ohh my Gods! I think I killed her!" I moved so that she was laying in my lap with her head tilted back. Pony and Brenda finally noticed after checking each others tonsils out that I was on the floor with a passed out Conor.

"What happened to Conor?" They both asked at the same time.

"I accidentally head butted her in the nose. I think she's dead!"

"Nah." Pony answered me. "She just can't stand the sight of her own blood." She laughed when I gave her a raised eyebrow. Then she looked at me a little better.

"Did she pass out before or after you took your shirt off?"

"After, why?"

Both her and Brenda laughed at me, I soon figured out why when I felt cold air across my back from the kitchen door opening. There I sat with Conor in my lap with only what God had given me. I forgot that I didn't have a bra on. I dropped over Conor, which I knew looked kind of sexual since her face was now buried between my breasts.

"She has this thing for tits." Pony informed me just as Katy came into the kitchen.

"Who has a thing for tits?" Conor's mom asked us.

"Stretch does, she passed out as soon as Mouse there took off her shirt and flashed her. She flashed me the other day, it's a new thing for her. You know teasing the dykes."

"That's not what happened!" I tried to tell Katy without raising up from my cowering spot over Conor. I was wiping the blood from her nose and she passed out."

"After she saw your tits!" Pony tossed in.

"All right children! So, Mouse is it? Did you give her a bloody nose 'cuz she got fresh with you?"

I groaned into long silky black hair that smelled of lavender. "I accidentally head butted her when she spoke into my ear."

Katy rummaged around in the freezer and handed me a baggy full of ice. "Put this on her nose, it'll help with the bleeding. And don't worry about Stretch, she passes out at the first sight of her own blood." She walked over and grabbed Pony by her ear and dragged her from the room. I heard Pony yelp and Brenda laugh before Katy came back into the room with a T-shirt for me.

"What did you do to Pony?"

"I kicked her in the ass for being an ass. I swear I should have taken her over my knee more often when she was little!" She handed me the shirt then went to get herself a cup of coffee.

"You've known her that long?"

"Ohh yeah!"

I felt a vibration against my chest and knew that Conor was awake. I rose up to see blinking blue eyes looking up at me, she had a wicked shit-eating grin on her face.

"Since the day she was hatched, she's my sister."

I almost fell over at the news of who Pony was.

"Your sister! I thought she was your girlfriend from the way you two were acting when she got here!"

"Surprise!" Both Conor and Katy said in unison.

"Why I outta!"

"Put your shirt on? Even though it is a very lovely sight this early in the morning." I knew my face was bright red, I pulled on the shirt and smelled Drakar right away. Katy had given me one of Conor's shirts to put on.

"Then the other night when you two came in and fell all over the place, what was that?"

"Uuhhmm drinking contest."

"And most likely playing with your head." Katy said as she toed Conor in her ribs. "Stretch and Chianne like to play with people minds. I can't believe I have two evil daughters and five sweet boys."

I coughed and wheezed when I added up seven kids. "You have seven kids?"

"Yep, I can get pregnant just thinking about sex. Thank the Gods their father passed away years ago otherwise I'd have my own football team."

"That's gross Ma! I was an immaculate conception."

Katy got this evil look on her face, she leaned right over Conor. "You know your father and I had sex right on top of the bar in the pub."

Conor's eyes grew wide, her mouth dropped open. I thought she was going to pass out again. "STOP! I don't wanna hear no more!"

"He was really fond of the Aunt Jamima treatment to. You know spanking me with a flipper?"

Conor jumped up and ran from the kitchen yelling for Pony. I just sat there on the floor laughing until tears rolled down my face.

"She hates even thinking about me having sex." Katy chuckled. "Evil damn kids."

I saw everything in a brand new light, they were all in cahoots together. At least now I didn't have to get rid of Pony as competition for Conor's friendship. I just had to figure out what the hell I was doing.

Tina went and I went out after I was done with work to get something to eat, she tried to get me to go to the pub, like I don't already live there! Instead we went to one of the oldest places in Ranson called Billy's. I think the women working there came with the place when it was first started. I always looked for their walkers to be parked up against the counter somewhere.

I was on my third apple dumpling with vanilla ice cream covering it, I would have to run back to Bolivar after this supper. I wasn't that hungry but it had taken me all that food to get the nerve up to talk to Tina about sex.

"Sis, I need to ask you something."

"About sex?" She gave me a shit-eating grin.

"I hate when you read my mind!"

"It's not that, it's the amount of food you just put away that did it. So what do you want to know? How to do it?" Her gasp came from me kicking her under the table.

"No...how would you know?"

"Ohh so it is sex. With any one I know?" She was really asking for a ass whipping.

"No. I just want to know if sex with your husband has ever been...undesirable? You know what I'm saying."

"Nope, never. Keila, Brian was just the wrong person for you." She had a serious look on her face. "You should have never been with him. So now's your chance to find the person your supposed to be with and if it's a woman, so what."

I just had to ask this question, it may make her mad but she'll get over it in a few years. "Have you ever...you know...with a woman?" I was waiting for the volcanic eruption.

"Would you think differently of me if I had?"

"Noo! You should know that I'm not like that."

She was contemplating her answer for a few minutes, so I sat and played with the melting ice cream in my bowl.

"Remember Amanda Faulks? You and her were in the same class."

I know my jaw bounced off the tabletop a few times. "Uuhh huh." Tina's brown eyes went distant as she thought of a time long past.

"Lets just say that we became really close one summer."

I almost flipped my spoon in the air along with the bowl that had just spilt melted ice cream all over my black pants.

"Oohhh shit!"

"That's going to be a really embarrassing walk out of here." She pointed to my lap.

"I don't care about my pants. It's just that Amanda and I...we kinda..." I groaned and covered my face with my hands.

"Keila, it's all right. Amanda and I played around but I didn't feel like I do with Dave. There was no sparkage there, sure we had fun but I like men and enjoy having sex with them." She snickered. "If Dave only knew how many before we got married he'd have a coronary!"

"Gods Tina! Your a slag and here I thought I was bad because I want to rip Conor's clothes..."

"To shreds, toss her down and play Warlord and sex slave?"

"Is that wrong to want to do that, considering I'm not..."

"A dyke?" Tina finished my sentence for me. "What are you so afraid of? Keila follow your heart and don't worry about what other people think or say."

"Thanks Tina."

"No problem. Sooo when are you going to jump Conor?" She asked with a huge grin on her face.

Me and my big mouth. Now I would have both her and Brenda dogging me about a certain six foot of heart stopping sexual frustrating blue-eyed woman.

I went back to Conor's after Tina and I had gone to do her grocery shopping to find the place

silent. Not a soul was to be found and I knew they wouldn't be at the pub because it didn't open for another four hours. Pony was more than likely with Brenda. But Conor was always here right up until she had to go to work, who was I to question her absence?

I made a pot of coffee and plopped down in front of the TV and flipped the cartoon station on to watch the X-Men. Rogue was my favorite and I thought she looked sexy as hell with that white streak in her hair. Really, I'm not gay! And the Pope is a Pagan in disguise who wants to convert the entire following of the catholic religion to worship the Greek Goddess Artemis. I had dozed off somewhere in the middle of the Tiny Toons and woke up when I heard voices coming from the kitchen. The deep throaty purr I knew was Conor's but the other one I had never heard before. I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and went to investigate. Ok, so I was nosy and wanted to know who she was talking to. I stopped just short of the door way and bent down to tie my shoelaces. Good thing no one saw me considering it would have been a very bad excuse since I was bare foot.

"I want you to come back."

"I told you months ago it was over. And I meant it so just leave me the hell alone."

"But Conor, we were so good together! You can't deny that."

"We were. The operative word here is 'were' But you just could be satisfied with just me. You had to drag every woman that turned your head into our bed."

"I've changed. I want another chance."

"No. Your chances ran out a long time ago!"

"What are you involved with some one already? You've only lived here a little while, did you run right out and get yourself a little whore to warm your bed?"

I could tell things were escalating to the point where some one was going to get hurt. I took a deep breath and charged in on my little white pony with my brain screaming. 'Your and idiot!' I walked right up to Conor and shocked the hell out of her.

"Hey baby, why didn't you wake me up?" I put my hand behind her head and pulled her down for a soft lingering kiss. Her eyes were still closed and she moaned as I pulled away. If I hadn't been holding on to her I would have hit the tiled floor in a heap of unconscious Jell-O afterwards. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled my body up against hers in a protective and comforting manner. She found her voice and gave an order in a deep growl.

"No, now get the fuck out! And don't come back or"

"Or what?" The tall blonde asked in a threatening way.

"Or I'll knock the living shit out of you and send you back to hell on a one way ticket!"

The blonde turned to see Pony and Brenda standing behind her. The look in Pony's golden eyes glowed with a hatred that could send demons on their way.

"Still having your little sister fight your battles?"

Pony stepped within an inch of the blonde and growled. "I don't fight her battles, I just like to fight! So get out before I use you as a warm up dummy!"

She stepped around Pony then turned back to face us.

"This isn't over Conor, not by a long shot because you owe me!" Her brown evil eyes drilled right into me.

I heard a low rumbling that turned into a growl. Conor had bared her teeth in a snarl, I could feel her body tensing against me. I wrapped my arms around her neck and pulled her head down close so that I could whisper into her ear.

"Don't do it, she's not worth the jail time."

I heard the front door rattle the windows and knew that the blonde had left. I let Conor go but she still held onto me.

"Are you ok? I didn't mean to barge in but I over heard the conversation and I was afraid that you were going to do something stupid like hit who ever she was."

She gave me a tight hug then let me go. "Thanks. I would have done more than hit her."

"And I would of had ta hide another body!" Pony chuckled when she saw the look on my face. "Just kidding. We don't hide them, Ma cooks 'em up for the customers."

"BBQ spare ribs, nice and tender." I turned to see Conor grinning. "Human, the other white meat." Both sisters where laughing at their sick little joke. And Brenda being...Brenda joined right in with her sick little mind.

"Pony if your a cannibal...come eat me." Golden eyes flashed, a roar was unleashed and two sets of feet beat down the hallway.

"Sick bitches." Conor whispered.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, I'll even answer if I can." She gave me a lopsided grin.

"Who was she?"

"A bitch from hell."

"That was obvious. But what was she to you?"

"Lets see. My former lawyer/agent/lover, worst nightmare and biggest mistake."

"Agent?"

"Yep, I'm the world champion in hog calling."

"Let me guess, you were practicing one day and she came running out of the nearest pig sty?"

"Sorta, she was sitting in the audience and heard me singing and I couldn't get rid of her after that."

I was floored, I would never have thought of Conor as a singer. "Your a singer?"

"Yep, opera if ya believe it." She jumped up on the counter and sat with her legs swinging like a little kid.

"Nope, you don't look...big enough. You know like Beverly Sills."

"EEEWWW! Scary picture, me at 300lbs!"

"What did she mean by you owe her?"

"She kept me from going to jail, so she thinks she can blackmail me into just about anything. Like going back to her. NOT!"

"Blackmail, how?"

"She says that she can get other people to swear in a court of law that I beat them up also. I really don't care what she does 'cuz I have my own ammunition to use against her. She should have been more careful who she fucked." She grinned evilly. "One word jailbait."

"Oohh! But this woman."

"Debbie."

"Debbie was you lawyer slash what ever and she wants to turn you in? She's nuts!" I just couldn't believe someone could stoop that low.

"That's a lawyer for you, pond scum sucking bitch."

"So about you not speaking?"



"I just wanted to annoy the hell out of people." She grinned until I smacked her in the stomach. "I had throat surgery for polyps on my vocal cords. I wasn't allowed to speak for two months while I healed."

"Will you ever be able to sing again?"

"My doctor doesn't know yet, I have a little bit more healing to do and then only time will tell. So what about that kiss you gave me?"

I turned bright red and stuttered. "Well...I...just wanted to...annoy her."

She wrapped her legs around my waist and pulled me to her, her blue eyes darkened right before me.

"Maybe I'll call her back and you can annoy her some more." She leaned closer to me, our lips were just inches apart when running feet came into the kitchen. We both groaned at the interruption. I pulled back to see Pony with her dark hair standing up like she had been electrocuted, at the refrigerator with the door open. What really got me was she was naked and had scratches all down her back right to her muscular thighs.

She turned smiling gold eyes on us and grinned showing all her even white teeth.

"I forgot the ice." She held up a handful of ice and ran back down the hall.

"Ice?" I asked Conor.

"Uuhhmm, I tell ya some other time. You wanna have a drink with me?"

"Got any Jack Daniels?"

"Hell we got ever label Jack ever put out! Come on lets go get us a drink."

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We went to the pub and grabbed one of the industrial size bags of chips and a bottle of green label Jack Daniels. I thought we were going to sit in there and drink but Conor had other ideas. We ended up in the back yard sitting in the grass leaning back against the split rail fence that bordered the yard. With the chirping of the crickets I almost forgot that Rt. 340 was just on the other side of Bolivar.

Conor sat with her long legs stretched out and crossed at the ankles in front of her, the bottle of Jack held between her thighs and the chips between us. My eyes kept going to where that bottle was and very wicked thoughts were dancing around in my gutter mind. I had never had a

guttersnipe mind before but I was soon becoming the sewer slug who would knock Brenda from her throne and reign as Queen. Both Brenda and Tina always told me that with my innocent looks I could get anything I wanted, just flash them a bright smile and the world was mine. I wondered if that would work with Conor? Did I want Conor? HELL YES! There goes my well thought out mantra.

Well, I've been caught staring at the area just above where the Jack was being held but thank the Gods that Conor thought I was trying to will the bottle to levitate over to me. If she only knew I was trying to will away her Levi's. I took a healthy slug and gasped when it burned all the way to join the burning in the south. Along with the burning came a loud roar from my empty stomach.

"What in the world do you have in there Godzilla?"

"Nope, baby Godzilla. He excites me more than Brian ever did." I got the raised eyebrow look from her.

"What made you even go out with that asshole? From what I saw of him running him over with my truck would be to good."

"I guess because he's the only guy who ever asked me out."

"Are all the men around here blind? You're beautiful!"

My face turned an unhealthy red at her compliment.

"No I'm not. My parents say that I'm just cute. It was their idea for me to go out with him and I thought if I didn't I would end up all alone for the rest of my life."

She cupped my cheek and turned my eyes to meet hers. "I don't believe that and your not alone anymore." A small smile graced her face. "He's a real idiot for hurting you that's for sure." She took a long drink of Jack then handed me the bottle back. "You'll find another man, I'm sure there's one out there just waiting for you to come along."

"But I don't want a man." I remarked. "And the catch that Brian is I didn't even want him!" She chuckled at what I had said about him. "I mean what women wouldn't want a man that has his friends over so much that you think your in just a big community living center, you have your very own beer can recycling plant and a greasy bloodhound dog that will eat all the food they drop on the floor." I hit myself in the forehead. "Damn and I gave all that up to live where it's the Pony and Brenda sexcapades! I'm going to get a decibel machine to make sure their screams aren't damaging my hearing."

"I just wish that I could sleep in my own bed, the bar in the pub is awful hard on my poor body."

"You've been sleeping on the bar!?"

"Yep, I can't handle the couch, it's to short and my face ends up stuck to the cushions. It's either

that or let those two roll around on the floor in the living room."

"Uuuuhmm no, I know I couldn't handle seeing that in the morning." I thought for a minute. "You take my bed and I'll sleep on the couch. I'm shorter and being stuck to the cousins is heaven compared to being laid on by a dirty old bloodhound or an even dirtier Brian."

Conor tried to focus her eyes, the whiskey was getting to her quicker than usual. "I can't do that."

"Yes you can. I don't pay you any rent so the beds yours."

"Ya know what?" Her mind was fogging up with each drink of whiskey.

"What?" I took a long pull off the bottle and grimaced when it hit bottom. My face was numb and I was feeling no pain what's so ever.

"Huh?" She had a stupid grin on her face and she kept weaving where she sat.

"What?" I handed the bottle back to her and watched her miss her mouth twice before finding it.

"I don't know, what?" She snickered and fell over while handing the bottle back to. Draining the last of it, Keila took a deep breath as a rush of grass came right up at her. They decided that they had better try and get into the house before they ended up staying outside for the rest of the night. Keila climbed to her feet that kept wanting to go in opposite directions and helped a staggering Conor up. It felt like hours before they found the back door and made it to the bedroom Keila was using. The last thing they remembered seeing was the bed.

"Ohhh Gods please let me die." I whispered as I felt the room spinning and a throbbing pain that pounded with each heartbeat. "I will never do that again." I tried to lift my head from where it laid on something that was really hot. I tried with all the strength that my poor body had but all I could do was turn my head a little bit to the side. I then panicked when all I saw was nothing! "I drank so much I went blind!" I was on my stomach and it felt like I had a ton of weight on my back, I wiggled around until I realized that I did have a ton on me and it was six foot tall and smelled of Drakar. We had collapsed the night before in a heap on top the single bed and had gotten all tangled together. My head was buried between Conor's neck and shoulder and she had some how ended up laying across my back. "Just my luck, I get you in bed and we both pass out." I mumbled against her.

I felt her body shake with chuckles, I didn't know that she was awake, and what's more is why she didn't move off of me when she did?

"Conor I feel smushed."

"I feel nice and comfortable but I'll get off of you before you either die on me or beat the shit out of me."

She rolled over and the cold air hit my body making me shiver for a minute. I wasn't a snuggler but with Conor I knew I would become one real damn fast! I snuggled down into her shoulder and inhaled deeply of her cologne and a scent that was all hers. I felt like I was being watched so I looked up to find blue eyes smiling down at me.

"Comfortable?" Conor asked.

"Now I am, what time is it?"

"About six am. Did you have to work this morning?" Her voice sounded worried.

"Nope, off today. Just wanna sleep." I wrapped my arm around her waist and drifted off to sleep.

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"Ain't that cute? Wish I had a camera." Pony whispered to Brenda as they stood in the doorway.

"Do ya think they did IT?"

Brenda slapped her lover in the shoulder. "Your kidding right? Keila is not like that." She became silent for a moment. "Are ya up for some good smutty fun Pons?" A wicked gleam showed in Brenda's hazel eyes.

"How smutty?"

"Very!"

Conor woke up to snorting and mumbling in her ear, plus the warm breath that was blowing into her ear. Other parts of her body were definitely awake and screaming at her for some relief. She moaned deep in her chest as the throbbing became worse with each breath from Keila.

"I'm gonna die from this, I just know it!" Conor thought to herself. "It's been a very long time since I...so long I can't even remember what it's called!" She moved out from under Keila and stumbled to the bathroom where she laid with her face pressed against the cold tile floor.

"Gods I feel like shit." She mumbled. A sound of pounding feet came to her ears and before she could move Keila was falling over her and landing on her knees to pray at the porcelain Goddess. Conor felt her stomach roll at the sounds of Keila's retching. Biting the insides of her mouth she tried to think other things rather than tossing her cookies. It didn't work, as soon as Keila was done Conor took her place. And that's where Katy found them an hour later, curled up together on the bathroom floor.

"I swear you kids will give me more gray hair." Katy remarked as she leaned down over them. "Geez, you two smell like the pub after closing hours." She pushed on her daughters shoulder trying to wake her up.

"Come on Stretch, it's after one o'clock all ready."

"Maaaa I feel awful." Conor whined.

"Good! Next time don't drink so damn much. Now get your ass in the shower, we have the BBQ in a couple of hours." Katy laughed at the moaning and groaning coming from her suffering daughter.

"And get your Mouse off the floor before she can't move." Katy laughed all the way out of the small house. "My Mouse?" She asked herself. Conor tried but Keila refused to get up, she kept saying that the floor was moving and she refused to let it beat her. So she was going to hold it down right where it was. So Conor striped right where she was and crawled into the shower. She finished and stepped out with a towel wrapped around her. Grabbing her toothbrush she scrubbed her teeth until she felt eyes watching her. She looked down to see green eyes studying her thighs that were showing below the towel.

"How you feel?"

Green eyes shot upwards to lock with pale blue. Keila's face turned a bright red from being caught checking out her friends long legs.

"Like a rough country road."

"Makes two of us."

Conor stepped over her, as she came to the door she pulled her towel off and dropped it into Keila's lap then went to her room. Keila lay on the floor with her mouth hanging open.

"Gods! I'm gonna die from blushing so much!"

@@@@@@@@ Keila couldn't believe the number of people crowded in the pub and the back yard. She was hiding in her bedroom hoping that no one noticed her missing. She watched as Conor and a huge mountain of a man flipped burgers on two 50-gallon drums turned into grills. She had to laugh when they kept tossing burgers onto each others grills and ended up hitting each other with raw polish sausages. Their battle came to an end when Katy hit both of them with a huge flipper and pointed a finger into their faces.

Pony and Brenda were handing out beers and if Katy paid any attention to what was going on she would see that for every two beers they handed out, they took as many for themselves. She was just about to sneak out the door when she felt a hand touch her shoulder.

"And what do you think your doing hiding in here?" Katy whispered into her ear.

"I was just about to come out and ahhh...."

"Help me with feeding all those monster children of mine."

"Those are all your kids?"

"Yep, all the huge men and the little ones are my grandkids. My daughter in-laws are hiding in the kitchen. You know the gossip temple of the MacArthur clan. And that little Mouse is where your needed."

Katy dragged her out of Conor's house and into the pubs kitchen where a horde of laughing women sat around the small room. Huge platters were being prepared with every known food group to man and animal.

"Welcome to the Knights of the PMS table." A flaming red head said as she ushered Keila into a chair in front of bags of baby carrots.

"I'm Jasmine, the boss over Andrew and our two kids Mikey and Connie. Who are outside in the Gladiator ring."

"How come Conor and Pony aren't in here?" Keila asked.

"For one thing!" Katy started to say as she sat down next to her. "Chianne is just plain evil! She hauls her ass out there and gives her brothers tips on kinky sex and Conor gets so embarrassed by our little sex talks that she hyperventilates and passes out. So we make them stay outside with their brothers."

Keila couldn't believe that Conor would get so embarrassed about sex. She seemed to be so worldly about everything, including teasing. If any one would be embarrassed it would be herself. And she expressed this thought to the PMS group.

"Oh nooo! Conor is not what she seems! She's practically a virgin!" Jasmine told her. "That bitch she was with was sooo domineering that poor Conor was a sex slave."

"Huh?"

"Ohh yeah, that was a one way relationship there." One of the other daughter in-laws Tipper said. "That bitch was the only one getting anything!" The room erupted into laughter. "Conor was so sexually frustrated that she was a bear to be around, one of the reasons she beat the hell outta so many men."

"HEY! I resemble that remark!" Conor was standing in the doorway with a tray of burgers and hot dogs.

"But that shower massage I got ya worked out real good didn't it?" Jasmine grinned at her evilly. "Wore that thing out and had to buy two more!" Conor's face was beat red and she was beginning to take deep breathes.

"Come on Stretch I'll give ya a hand." Keila said as she went over to take the tray from Conor.

"It's not a hand she needs! Maybe a tongue and a few fingers!"

"MAA!!!" Conor yelled. "That's it, I'm going back outside and beat on my brothers!"

"See, we told ya!" Tipper slid out between her chuckles. "We know that you can change all that."

"ME!?! What have I got to do with all this?" Keila's face was turning red. "We're just friends and housemates."

"Keila, Conor just about falls over her tongue when you walk into a room." Katy gave her a wicked grin. "Plus she has never had anyone live with her besides Pony."

"But what about Debbie? Didn't they live together?"

"Nope, Debbie didn't want Conor cramping her lifestyle. So she would call Conor at home when she wanted sex."

Keila thought that Conor was a domineering type of person who had strings of lovers at her beck and call and here she was the opposite. She was sitting there thinking when Pony came busting through the door. The Knights started yelling for her to get her kinky ass back outside but she covered her ears and dropped to her knees beside Keila. She opened her wallet and held it out to Keila.

"Ooohhh my GODS!" Keila's face turned 10 shades of red right before their eyes. "Where did you get this!?!?" Pony wiggled her dark eyebrows and grinned.

"I'll never tell!"

Katy leaned over their shoulders and looked at what had caused poor Keila so much stress.

"You evil child!! Why do you have a picture of a naked Conor in your wallet?"

"Trying ta get her a date Ma."

Keila pulled the picture from the holder and looked closer at it. Conor was laying back against a railing completely naked except for the button down shirt that was open and just barely covering her breasts. Katy raised an eyebrow and looked at her daughter. She held her tongue at what she wanted to say, she would let Pony have her fun and just maybe it would work. Keila jumped from her chair and raced outside leaving the room to stare at her running back.

"Chianne you are sooo evil! That's not Conor!"

"How do you know Ma?"

"Because that woman is missing the half moon birthmark on her left breast. That's why!"

"But Ma only some of us know that." She grinned and ran from the room. She couldn't wait for Keila to go to her room later that night, her and Brenda had been very busy before they got to the BBQ.

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"Conor can I see you a minute?"

"Sure, is there something wrong?" The red face and neck of Keila had her worried about what the PMS group may have said to her.

"I just got this from Pony the EVIL child!" She handed Conor the picture, holding her breath for the explosion she thought Conor would have. She was surprised when nothing happened except for a shit-eating grin.

"Nice picture don't cha think?"

Keila's mouth dropped open at what Conor had said.

"I thought you'd be mad."

"Nope, next time I'll lose the shirt though."

Keila took the picture and for some reason she put it into her wallet where her family pictures were. Conor just smiled when she saw what Keila was doing. She also wondered what else Pony had done to terrorize Mouse.

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The entire family was in cahoots that day, when it was time to eat they made sure that Conor and Keila had to share a reclining lawn chair to sit on so that they didn't have to stand up to eat. They were further amused when Keila stole food off Conor's plate and Conor did nothing about it. As children they had all found other uses for their forks by stabbing the tops of offending hands trying to get near their food. It was still a practice when they all got together, so when Conor started feeding Keila instead of stabbing her they knew that they were close to their goal.

When the party broke up Keila helped with the clean up then went to her room, two seconds after flipping the light on she fell to her knees. All the walls had pictures of a very naked Conor on them.

She yelled loud enough to wake the dead, Pony and Brenda were hiding in Conor's room waiting. "OOHH MY GODS! CONOR!!!!!"

"How long before she screams that for another reason?" Brenda asked a grinning Pony. "Wanna make a bet on it?" She wiggled her eyebrows.



"What are the prizes for the winner?" Brenda asked with a shared grin.

"Ohh hours of unadulterated sex."

"Your on!"

The deal was made with the tossing of each others clothes all over the room. Conor came running from outside to come to a halt right inside the doorway. Her blue eyes just about fell out of her head when she saw her face all over the room.

"DAMN!!" She started laughing. "I'm a hotty ain't I?" She looked down at a shocked Keila. "Chia pet has been busy I see. I bet she's having one hell of a time right now wondering what we're doing."

"You mean if I'm in need of a shower head massage?" Conor's face turned pink.

"Uuhmm yeah." She gave a wicked lopsided grin. "Are you?"

"Maybe if I thought that those were really you."

"How do you know they aren't me?" She asked with interest since the fakes were very good.

Keila got up from then floor and went over to one of the larger pictures. "Take this one for instance." She pointed to one where the fake Conor was holding both of her huge breasts. "Their not big enough."

"What! My breasts aren't big enough for you?"

Keila's color heightened. "Noo...not that! The hands are too small!" She tripped over her words. "You have big strong hands...and these are small like mine."

"So maybe Pony and Brenda morphed your hands onto my arms?" Her brows wiggled seductively. "Wanna see if that's what they did?"

"And your Ma says Pony's the evil child!"

"I'm not evil, I just don't have a showerhead massager anymore." Keila smacked her in the stomach.

"Tell me that pictures of naked women doesn't do anything for ya and I'll drop it."

"They don't so there!" Keila Stood with her hands planted on her hips in defiance.

"Right." Conor looked down to where she could see Keila's hardened nipples through her shirt. "Explain that then."

Keila crossed her arms over her chest but didn't know what to say about her body's reaction. Conor stepped closer to her so that they were within a breaths distance from each other. Conor ran her hands up and down Keila's arms and watched the goose bumps form. "So what does turn you on?" If Conor only knew that just thinking of her did that for Keila.

"That's for me to know and others to find out." Passion filled green eyes locked with blue. Their heads came closer towards each other in what would have been their first shared kiss except that Conor pulled back before it happened. "Lets go for a ride and get away from prying eyes."

"Huh?" Keila said with her eyes still closed.

Conor stepped to the side and showed her two pairs of peeping eyes looking around the door jam. "We seem to have a couple of peeping Amazons." Keila growled deep in her chest out of frustration.

"By the way, a couple of those pictures weren't fakes." Conor grinned at the astonished look on Keila's face.

Brenda and Pony high tailed it from where they were back to Conor's bedroom before Conor could get them. Conor and Keila went for a drive around Harpers Ferry with neither one of them talking, it was a comfortable silence that neither felt the need for small talk. After about an hour they returned and sat in the driveway looking at each other, Keila moved closer to Conor and ran her fingers through the dark bangs on Conor's forehead, her fingers trailed down to her high cheekbone and strong jaw. She leaned in to bring their lips together when she suddenly jumped back and gave out a strangled cry. Grabbing her chest she wheezed.

"What's wrong?" Conor asked with concern in her voice. All Keila could do was point at the window behind Conor and stutter. Conor turned to see a pair of golden eyes looking through the window at them.

"I'm gonna beat you Chia pet!" Pony grinned at her sister then wiggled her tongue at her in a sexual way. Conor rolled down the window and growled. "WHAT?"

"That asshole was here and he left Keila's car in the pubs parking lot. He also wants her part of the mortgage for his house."

"He what!?!"" Keila had calmed after finding out the spooky eyes belonged to Pony.

"He's still over there and says he's not leaving until you talk to him." She ran back into the house after offering to beat Brian up. Keila couldn't help but laugh when Pony flexed her muscles to prove that she could do it.

"Are you sure she's your sister? Her eye color is so far from anyone else's, they're so damn spooky!"

"Yep quite sure of it. We're twins, come on lets go see the asshole."

"Your poor Ma!"

Keila almost fell over when she saw the condition of her car. The thing had been striped down to nothing and sat on it's axles in the parking lot.

"You mother fucker!!!!" She lunged at Brian but was held back by Conor. "Why the hell did you do that to my car?"

"You'll get the parts when you give me your part of the mortgage." He stood with his arms crossed over his bony chest with a smirk on his face.

"I'm not giving you a damn thing! I don't live there and I never paid half of the mortgage when I did! Your name is on the papers not mine!"

"Well my lawyer says that doesn't matter since your my fiancée."

"Tell your lawyer ta kiss my ass! I'm not doing a damn thing and I'm not your fiancée!"

"She wouldn't kiss your ass 'cuz she sucks my dick." He gave her his cackle of a laugh. "And she's a hell of a lot better in bed than you ever were! You frigid bitch."

Conor's temper gave way, if not for the strong hand on her forearm Brian would have been history.

"She's not frigid in my bed! So what does that make you?"

Brian rushed them but was taking off his feet by a blur that growled deep in it's chest as it flashed long white teeth. He screamed when his clothes were torn and shredded from his skinny ass.

"NO!!! GRUMPY!!!! GET OFF ME!!!!"

Keila called the bloodhound off before he bit the vile asshole and came down with some disease. Grumpy dropped to his haunches and rubbed his muzzle across the ground like he was trying to get the taste of his owner from his mouth.

Conor stalked towards him. "Get your skinny ass off my property before I call the police and have you hauled away!" Brian jumped into his tow truck and called for his dog who refused to move from beside Keila.

"Damn no good mutt! Stay with the dyke see if I care!" He peeled out of the parking lot leaving the two women looking at what was left of Keila's Ford Tempo.

"Don't worry about your car, me and Pony will fix it."

"I can't believe he did this!"

"I can." Conor became quiet for a moment. "I wonder who this lawyer is that he supposedly has?"

"Who ever she is she needs mental help if she's fucking Brian!"

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Brian pulled into his driveway and ran into his house holding the remains of his dirty work pants together.

"Fucking bitches! Keila will pay for everything!"

"What happened?" A deep voice asked from the shadows.

"I did what you said and all of a sudden Grumpy, my own dog tries to tear me to pieces!"

The light was flipped on and Debbie looked at him.

"I told you they were evil, they bewitched your dog." She gave him a villainous look. "Only one thing left to do and that's get pictures of them in bed together." She ran her fingers across his bony chest. "You do that and I'll rock your world."

"No problem!" He grunted out as Debbie grabbed his swollen tiny dick with her hand.

"Then you can have Keila back and I get my revenge on Conor."

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Pony stood next to her sister and Brenda rubbing her jaw as they took in all the parts that were missing from Keila's car. They had agreed to see what they could do while Keila was at work. Brenda was suppose to be over there now but had volunteered to take out the garbage, which she never wanted to do before. Except that she knew Pony would be outside looking at the heap that was Keila's.

"I don't know Stretch, it would be easier to push it across to the junk yard than to find all the parts he took off it."

Brenda's eyes lit up at the mention of the junk yard. "That's it Humper!" Pony turned red at Brenda's nickname for her. "All the parts ARE in the junkyard and if I know Brian they're all in one big heap where he tossed them!"

"You know how much money that'll cost to get them back!" Pony yelled.

"Who said anything about paying for them?"

Conor gave Brenda 'the look' "And just what are you saying?"

Brenda gave them both and evil look. "We break in at night and take them all back!" Rubbing her hands together she just about bounced around the parking lot with restrained excitement. "I know of a way in that no one knows about...except for me and a few other women." She gave her lover a sideways glance. "Anyway, it's close to where they strip the cars down and that's where Brian would have done this asinine deed. Are you guys up for this?"

"If we can get in and out without getting caught, your on." Conor shook her head at what they were going to do that night, she wondered if Mouse would be mad at what they had planed.

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"We're gonna do WHAT?!" Keila stood with her hands on her hips looking at Conor like she had grown a third eye. "And what happens if we get caught?"

Conor had a sheepish look on her face. "We...uuhmm call Ma?" Scuffing her toe across the tile floor she peeked up with a child like look at Keila. "Brenda says that we won't get caught that she has been in there with..."

"Say no more, I know all about Brenda's junk yard excursions. Kinky damn bitch." Green eyes scanned the store looking for her friend.

"Where the hell is she? She's suppose to be on look out in the cooler."

"Why the cooler?"

"She hides in there everyday when the kids get off school, that's how we catch shoplifters."

"Ooohh, what does she do crawl out and grab them around the ankles?"

Chuckling at the thought of her friend doing just that an evil grin came to her lips. "I'll have to tell her that's what she has to do from now on." Keila watched as a group of middle school kids came across the parking lot. "Go to the cooler doors and yell at Brenda for me, tell her the monsters are coming."

"Sure, I can do that." Conor pulled open one of the cooler doors and looked between the bottles of Coke for Brenda. She snickered at what she saw and just couldn't help what she did next. "Brenda the stores being held up!" She closed the door and jogged back over to stand by the counter and wait.

"Did you tell her?" Keila asked.

"Ohhh I told her something." A shit-eating grin covered Conor's face. "She'll be here in a minute."

They heard a lot of banging around, cussing and then both Brenda and Pony came skidding to a stop in front of them. Green eyes took in their appearance and knew what they had been doing in the cooler.

"Where's the robber?" Brenda asked in a breathless way.

"Standing next to you! Pony's robbed you of what little bit of sense you had left!" Brenda with her smock and shirt hanging open, her bra undone and hanging across her washboard stomach looked at Keila in total confusion.

"We weren't doing nothin!" Pony said in a raspy voice.

"So Brenda decided to stock the cooler half dressed and you were helping her?" Keila pointed out the fact that Pony's shirt was on backwards. "Aren't you two afraid of getting your nipples frost bit?" Pony looked down at herself then over to her lover. She pulled Brenda behind her to cover up her indecent condition from the kids who just walked in.

"For your information it's Brenda's nether region that would have gotten frost bit, the other areas were being handled." She stuck her tongue out at them then pulled Brenda into the back room. She yelled from the doorway to them. "You two might try it sometime, it's really fun!"

"They're both evil bitches!!!" Keila groaned.

"Nah, just over sexed." Conor's face turned pink from the thoughts going through her head.

"You ok? Your turning colors and your sweating."

"Yeah, just thinking about...tonight." Conor hoped that Mouse bought it and didn't want details, because if she did she didn't know what she was going to say.

"So, tell me what your thinking?"

Conor gulped and her eyes grew large, sweat was now running down from her temples.

"Dollar for your thoughts."

"Ahhh...dollar?"

"Yeah, ya know inflation." She stepped closer to Conor so close that she could feel her body heat radiating from her. "Is this under cover work?"

Conor's breathing was coming faster. "I wish!" Keila caught on to her in a flash and couldn't pass up the chance to torture her. Stepping so that they were touching she whispered in a low growl

into Conor's ear.

"Should I wear something skintight?" Her hot breath sending noticeable shivers through Conor. "I have black spandex." She pulled back to see darkened blue eyes looking down at her. She reached out a hand and ran it across a tight stomach and watched Conor start to fall backwards.

"OOhh no you don't! Your not gonna pass out on me!" Propelling Conor backwards she pushed her down into a chair. "Does this always happen when your being teased?"

She spoke in a low whisper. "Never happened before because I was never attracted to anyone like I am to you." Keila didn't want to move from where she was but she heard someone clear their throat behind her.

"Don't move or lose that thought, I'll be right back!"

Five kids stood at the counter with smirks on their faces, Keila gave them a knowing look. "If I were you guys, I'd put everything you stuck in your back packs on the counter or I call the police and have them do it."

One of the boys feeling braver than the others spoke up. "We didn't take anything."

"Really? Not like all the other times you come in here?" Just then a loud scream came from the back room, the boys turned their heads in that direction then back to give Keila a strange look. "You guys hear that? Well, Brenda is in the back right now torturing the last shoplifter she caught. And believe me!" She snorted. "That new rack she has back there looks awful painful to me!" Candy came out of every hiding place they could use and all five of them ran from the store. A huge smile came to her face and turned lecherous when she turned to look at a smirking Conor.

"Who'd have known?" Other thoughts matched what she said. Moving closer to Conor she played all her cards a once. Straddling her thighs she leaned forward so that they were nose to nose. "Your attracted to me?" She received a nod of a dark head. "And what exactly would you like to do about this?" She squeezed her legs together putting pressure on the outsides of Conor's. "I've never done anything like what I know your thinking but I'm a quick learner." Placing her hands on strong shoulders Keila leaned closer. "I'll have you know the feelings are very mutual." She rubbed noses with a terrified Conor before she leaned over to her ear to whisper. "But now is not the time to explore these facts." She licked a strong pulse point then moved back to the counter to count out her cash drawer for the next shift. She cast a glance over her shoulder at Conor who still hadn't moved and inch. "Stretch, better go get those two Eskimos from the cooler before they look like blue smurfs."

"Aahh good idea." She walked on wobbly legs to the back room where the cooler door was. Keila was very pleased with the way she handled Conor. She had conformation to what she had found out from the Knights of PMS. "Well, that solves that! but I think I have bit off more than I can chew."

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"Pony will you stop already! We can't all fit through that tiny hole at the same time!" Conor tried to shove her sister off her back. "I'll put the pinch on you!"

"OOHH PLEASE!!!! It's been a while since you pinched my nipples."

"Sick bitch!" Conor squeezed through the hole in the fence with Pony still on her back. "Just wait until we're done and I'm gonna knock the shit outta you."

"Will you use your whips on me?" Pony gave her an excited Santa Claus is real look.

"NO! I'm gonna let Grumpy hump your leg!"

"Ohhh kinky!"

"I can't believe those two!" Brenda whispered to Keila.

"What?"

"They're rolling around in the dirt when we're here to steal your car parts back."

Keila looked to see Pony humping her sister's leg and Conor trying to crawl away.

"I feel so sorry for Katy. She had to put up with them all those years when they were little. Good thing their not identical twins."

"Huh? Did you say twins?"

"Yep!"

"Ohh are you in trouble little Mouse!"

"How?"

"If Conor's anything like Pony in bed, your a dead woman!"

"And who said that I'll find out?"

"We saw you two in the store, we were watching from the cooler." She gave Keila a huge grin. "I thought she was gonna come right there in the store!"

"You are sooo gross Brenda!"

"Ya but ya love me anyway." Chuckling they ran over to pull the sisters apart before they made



too much noise and got them all arrested.

"Stretch I found them!" Pony whispered from a pile of car parts. "I'll hand them down and you guys put them through the hole."

Brenda and Keila struggled with the tires, trying to get them through the small hole in the fence just wasn't going to work.

"Conor, this ain't gonna work. They're too big!"

"Ok, you two go on the other side and we'll toss them over to you."

It sounded ok until tires started flying through the air at them. They had to jump out of the way or get hit and then the damn things started rolling towards the road. Keila and Brenda took off running only to come to a screeching halt when a cop car went by. They tried to look inconspicuous all filthy and dressed in dark clothes standing alongside the road as tires rolled away from them. They were about to retrieve the tires when the cop car made a U-turn and came back towards them. They did the only thing they could. They ran! Just as they got to the side of the 7-11 store Pony and Conor grabbed them.

"What are you two doing?" Conor asked in a low whisper.

"The tires rolled away and a cop's coming!" Keila whispered back. Just then a spot light came on and started scanning the area. "Ohh shit!" Conor spun Keila around, pulling her close to her body she dropped her head and captured her lips. Keila moaned at the contact and pressed closer to the strong body, wrapping her arms around Conor's neck she pulled her down further and opened her mouth to an exploring tongue. The other two watched from the corner of the building where they lay on the ground hiding.

Conor let her hands roam down across Keila's back to her tight ass, pulling their hips closer, she moaned at the feel of Keila moving against her. Their hearts slammed into their chests and breathing was labored.

"HEY! You two by the building what are you doing?" The cop yelled as the light hit Conor square in the back. Breaking the kiss, she looked over her shoulder with a look of murder in her icy blue eyes.

"What does it look like we're doing? Haven't you ever made out in public?"

"You and your boyfriend had better get out of here before I haul you in for something."

"It's my girlfriend and the last I knew public affection wasn't against the law!" Keila stepped out from where Conor had blocked her from the cop's view.

"Go away Robby before I call your wife and tell her about that race track bimbo you're

screwing."

"Oohh Jesus Keila! Just go home and I'll forget I ever saw anything." He turned off the spot light and left them in the dark.

"Uuhhmm...that was some kind of..." Keila had problems speaking once the spot light was off them.

"And I meant every bit of it." Conor dipped her head down to recapture what the cop had interrupted to have someone do it again.

"HELLOOOOO!! Remember us and some car parts?"

"Son of a bitch!" Conor gave a flustered Keila a small smile. "We'll finish this later at home."

"Kay."

Conor intertwined their fingers and pulled Keila behind her. Keila's heart was still racing from the kiss and she knew that Brenda was most likely right about Conor in bed. She was a dead woman that was for sure.

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Dirty, tired and down and out frustrated Keila dropped to the floor beside the couch. Using her toes she pushed her shoes off and moaned while she wiggled her toes. She dropped her head back on the cushions and closed her eyes just wanting to rest them for a few minutes before she went in for a nice hot shower. She heard heavy footsteps coming into the room but stayed where she was. Conor looked down into the peaceful face of the woman who had become more than she bargained for in the last few weeks. Her heart beat frantically whenever she was near and Conor knew the minute she walked into a room whether she saw her or not. But she was scared, she was not good with relationships or at least with the one she had with Debbie. But her little voice told her that Keila was in a different league than the bitch was and to give her a chance. A light snoring came from between parted pink lips, Conor had no idea how she had managed to fall asleep with her head tilted back against the couch in such an odd angle.

Dropping down onto her knees beside her, she shook her shoulder until tired green eyes looked at her.

"Keila why don't you go to bed?"

"Need a shower, feel like a pig."

"Kay, lets go."

Conor walked her down the hall to the bathroom, she picked up Keila's clothes as she striped out of them and was shocked when the small blonde crawled into the shower with half of her clothes

still on.

"Hold on there Mouse! Take the rest of your clothes off."

"Huh? Ya mean I still have clothes on?"

Conor smiled at the drooping green eyes. "Your Levi's have to come off."

"Oohh Kay." Keila undid her Levi's and let them drop around her sock covered feet.

"Gods your just like a little kid." Conor undressed her all the way then went to her own bathroom for a shower. She couldn't help but laugh at the pile of clothes in the middle of her bedroom floor and the two sprawled bodies laying across each other snoring up a storm. Pulling the comforter up over Pony and Brenda she striped out of her dirty clothes and took her shower. When she returned to the spare bathroom, she found Keila leaning with her back against the wall sound asleep with the water still on.

"Just unfucking believable." Shaking her head she turned off the water and scooped Keila up into her arms and carried her to her bed. "You are something else Mouse." She tucked her in and was going to sleep on the couch when her arm was put in a death grip. She kneeled on the edge of the bed waiting for Keila to let her arm go, it didn't happen. Keila rolled over onto her side and wrapped her free arm around Conor's waist. Conor was to tired to fight, so she laid as close to the edge of the bed that she could before she would end up on the floor. She never expected Keila to snuggle up against her back and drip off into a deep sleep, nor did she expect to do the same in as many minutes.

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Conor woke to the sound of chuckling and a vibration on her chest. Cracking one eye open she looked down to see a smiling Keila and then her laughing in her sleep. Keila snuggled her face down between Conor's breasts, letting out a sigh, she ran her hand up Conor's stomach to stop over the top of her one breast.

Speaking to herself she said. "Your gonna kill me Mouse." She closed her eyes and took a deep breath and tried to pretend that a warm hand was not kneading her aching flesh. "She is not doing what I think she's doing!" Cracking her eye back open, she moaned deep in her chest when she saw her nipple being rolled between small fingers. "Oh GODS! She is doing that!" She reached down and moved Keila's hand and was ready to get up when a very warm and muscular thigh slipped between hers and came right up against her throbbing center. A loud gasp escaped her parted lips and her hips thrust upward of their own accord. She felt Keila's curls press against her hip as she moved against her. She couldn't keep her moan from coming to her lips.

"You said we would finish when we got home."

"Tell me you just woke up." Conor's voice came out deep and cracking.

"Nope, can't do that." She snickered at the deep groan that came from Conor. "Been awake for a while now and I must say I've enjoyed myself so far." Twinkling green eyes captured blue. "Problem?" She moved her thigh up closer and brushed against a wet center.

"Ohh no...no problem...at...all!"

"Didn't think so." Keila grinned at her then got up from the bed and walked naked from the room leaving a very aroused Conor laying in misery.

"Why me?" Conor moaned to the walls.

"Because your sooo easy!"

"Oohh shut up Chia Pony! It's not funny!"

"Ohh yeah it is! Poor little Conor is all frustrated and no shower massager!" She ducked when Conor threw a pillow at her.

"I don't need one of those! Now go away!"

"Ooohh that's right you and your fingers are very good friends!"

"You had better be able to run, 'cuz when I get up I gonna plant my foot up your ass!" Pale blue eyes drilled into Gold with an intensity to melt steel.

"Ooohh scary bull dyke!" Conor tossed the blankets off and was halfway out of the bed when Keila dressed in her robe came back into the room.

"Teasing the animal this early is a bad thing." Giving both sisters a glare, she yelled for Brenda to come and get her Pony before she did something very unpleasant to her. As soon as Pony ran for Brenda, Keila closed and locked the door behind her.

"I can't leave you for a second without you and Pony getting into trouble."

"She started it?" A sheepish look came over her face. "Don't matter, she always wins."

"Why's that?"

"Cuz she's older."

"I got the baby? That's funny I thought you were older." Keila crawled back into bed and laid down beside a blushing Conor, pulling back the blankets to reveal a naked body she asked.

"Where's your sweats at?"

"In my room."

"Good." She tossed her robe onto the floor and crawled under the blankets next to Conor. "Cuz you won't need them." Conor came up onto one elbow and gave Keila a curious look. "And why is that little Mouse?"

"Because we're not getting up today, I plan on sleeping until tomorrow morning." Sliding her body up over onto Conor, she looked down into darkening blue eyes. "I've waited long enough, and we are not going to be interrupted." A loud yell echoed through the house. "What the hell was that?" Conor asked.

"Grumpy just jumped into bed with Brenda and Pony." Conor wasn't able to get a word out because Keila captured her bottom lip in her teeth. Running her tongue across it she felt Conor's body tremble. Sucking her lip into her mouth and nibbling lightly brought a low moan from somewhere deep in Conor's chest. She released her lip to place soft kisses down her chin to the hollow of her throat.

"Are you sure about this Mouse?"

"Oohh yeah!" She brought Conor's hand down between them and up between her legs to feel her building wetness. "Answer your question?" Conor flipped her over onto her back. She gave her answer by giving her a deep passion filled kiss that left them both breathless. Nuzzling the soft neck, Conor kissed the pulse point beneath her lips then pulled back to look into sparkling green eyes.

"You are so beautiful, I lo...I can't...believe grrrrr." Conor buried her face back into the nape of Keila's neck, nipping lightly at the soft flesh until Keila was whimpering. Hands explored heated flesh, moans rumbled from heaving chests as their bodies moved in a primal dance. Feet pounded outside of the bedroom door accompanied by yelling and pounding on the door.

"CONOR GET UP! THE PUBS ON FIRE!" Pony screamed at the top of her lungs while she pounded on the door with her fists. Conor growled deep in her chest, pulling the blankets over their heads, she ignored her sister's yells.

"I'M NOT KIDDING HERE!!" Pony continued to yell.

"CONOR BRANSON MACARTHUR!" Katy yelled.

"MA?" Conor asked.

"Get your ass out here! Keila's car is on fire along with the back end of the pub!"

"FUCK!" Conor scurried out of bed, tripping over the sheet that wrapped itself around her ankles. Both her and Keila grabbed clothes from the dresser and tugged them on. Fighting with the door handle Conor finally got it opened and ran out the back door towards where her family was trying to put the fire out. Sirens pierced the air from the fire station down the road, fireman ran with large extinguishers while others pulled the hoses to the back of the pub. Within minutes the fire was put out and everyone was rounded up by the police and questioned. The fire chief

approached Conor carrying a red gas can with the junk yards name stenciled on the side of it.

"Ever seen this before?" He held the can up.

"Nope, but I'll give you an idea how it got there."

She told him of the problem with Brian from the day before and said that if she were the chief, that would be the main person to talk to.

"I can't fucking believe this!" Keila dropped to the ground and hugged her knees to her chest. "What the fuck did he think he would accomplish by this?"

"I have no idea but I don't think we'll have to worry about him anymore."

"Don't count on it, Robby the cop from the other night is his cousin."

Conor groaned and sat down behind her, placing her legs on either side, she pulled Keila back against her chest. Resting her chin on top of a blonde head, she watched the fireman make sure that the fire was in fact out.

She turned her head at the sound of squealing tires and watched as Tina came running with an older woman right behind her.

"Mouse are you all right? We heard on the scanner that the pub was on fire."

"We're all ok, we weren't at the pub when it started." She was not about to say where and what they were doing.

"See, if you had been home with Brian, we wouldn't have been worried about you." Her mother remarked with her higher than thou attitude.

"Tina, why did you bring her here?" Tina held out her hands as to say what choice did I have.

"Mother why don't you go over there right now and ask him why he set my car and the pub on fire!"

"He would not have done this. He's a nice man." Her mother pointed to the blackened frame of her car. "And if he did it's because of her!" She pointed a finger at Conor. "Her kind are an abomination in the lord's name!"

Keila growled deep in her chest, she sprang to her feet to stand nose to nose with her mother. Her face a bright angry red, spittle flew from her mouth as she yelled.

"If anyone here is an abomination it's you! I'll have you know that I love her and if she's one than so am I and you can burn in hell with the rest of your damn Christian friends! Now get the fuck away from me and never come near me again!"

Her mother reached out and slapped her in the face, her head jarred to the side from the impact. A low keening came to her lips and if not for Conor, Mrs. Johanson would have been slugged back. Conor wrapped her arms around Keila and pulled her into her chest.

"I suggest that you leave, it's clear that Keila does not want you here." Icy blue eyes pinned Mrs. Johanson where she stood. Conor was soon backed up by Poni, Brenda and her mother stepping up behind them.

"Here mother take my car, I'm staying here."

"If you stay, then I have no daughters!" Mrs. Johanson replied.

"You hear that Keila? We're orphans." Tina looked at Katy. "Will you adopt us? We're housebroken and everything."

Mrs. Johanson humphed and stomped away towards Tina's car.

"I really hate her." Keila turned in Conor's arms and buried her head against her chest. Soft sobs came from her as her emotions got the best of her and she broke down. Katy touched her daughter on her back and told her to go in the house that they would handle everything. She picked Keila up in her arms and carried her into the house. Once inside she went over to the couch and sat down with Keila still in her arms. She didn't know what to say to comfort her, so she just held her and replayed what Keila had said to her mother. A huge smile came to her face when she remembered that Keila had said that she loved her.

"Mouse, can I ask you something?" A tear stained face looked up at her, Using her fingertips Conor wiped the tears from reddened cheeks.

"Did you mean what you said to your mother?"

Confusion was replaced within seconds when Keila realized what Conor had asked her. Darkened green eyes looked directly into pale blue.

"Every single word." She shifted so that they were even with each other eyes. "I love you Conor." Leaning forward she kissed her softly, Conor's fingers moved to run through tousled blonde hair to stop at the back of her neck and pull her closer.

"I love you to Mouse." They kissed gently at first then with more passion as they released emotions that had been held back for so long. When the kiss ended they were both breathless and raggedly drew in air. Conor wrapped her arms around Keila and hugged her tight to her body.

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Tina came running into the living room and skidded to a halt beside the couch.

"I just wanted to make sure that your ok, Brenda and Pony are driving me home. If you need anything just give me a call, ok?"

"Thanks Tina, I'll be ok." She gave her sister a small smile. "Welcome to the MacArthur clan." Tina chuckled as she left leaving Keila snuggling with Conor.

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Keila ran around the house trying to get ready for work, she and Conor had slept right through the alarm, she had 7 minutes to get ready and it would be nice if she could find her shoes. Opting for Conor's boots, she slipped them on her feet and went clumping into the kitchen to be handed a travel mug of coffee by Conor.

"Geez! I could float down the river in your boots!"

"And if I had a little monkey it could wear your clothes." Conor ducked the dishrag that was thrown at her head. "I love you Mouse." She pulled Keila into her arms and kissed the top of her tousled blonde head.

"I love you to." She stretched up to give her a kiss before she shuffled out the door.

Brenda had just gone into the store when Keila came stumbling in tripping over the toes of Conor's boots. By the time she got into the office, she was out of breath and red in the face.

"Nice attire ya have there, I can only assume that you didn't hear all the ruckus your damn alarms make." She gave Keila the evil eye. "I could have been in China and heard those damn things, your lucky we were occupied, otherwise you would have found a ringing coming form your ass after we shoved one of your clocks where the sun doesn't shine!"

"What's the matter Pony falling down on the job?" Keila gave her the evil eye right back.

"Ha ha! Pony does just fine, it's Grumpy that's falling down! ON MY HEAD!!!"

"Your lucky he didn't try and hump one of you and what's wrong with my attire?" She looked down at herself.

"Well, your shirt is 3 sizes too big and on backwards. I don't think you need a breast pocket on your back and with those boots, all you need is a motor and you can go down the Potomac."

"I couldn't find my clothes or my shoes. I think they may be in the washer, you know Conor and her little problem with neatness."

"No, I know you and your absentmindedness. But I do know where your stuff is." Brenda gave her a huge smile. "Grumpy had everything out in the front yard. I didn't know you wore men's



underwear?"

Keila's face turned bright red. "Those are Conor's, she's going to kill me!"

"Speaking of, here she comes and she does not look happy!" Brenda ran for the back room leaving Keila to face Conor's wrath all by herself.

"Grumpy is going to lose his teeth and some other nonessential parts!" She handed Keila her tennis shoes and waved her jockey underwear in her face. "Ma caught him peeing on her azalea bushes outside the back door of the pub. She's talking about running hot wire so she can have a weenie roast next time he pees on her shrubs." She shoved her jockey's into her back pocket. "And I'm going to buy him a muzzle or pull all his teeth out."

"I'm sorry Stretch, I forgot all about Grumpy's little habit." Her face turned pink at the thought of Grumpy running around the neighborhood with Conor's jockeys. Not the fact that he had them but if she could get him to steal all of them. "I'll buy you some new ones." Like some sexy black thongs. She thought to herself.

"Don't worry about it, I don't wear them that often." She flashed her a grin right before she went out the door.

Keila stood with her jaw hanging open.

"Hey fly trap, we have work to do remember?" Brenda waved her hand in front of Keila's unblinking eyes. "Heeeellllloooo! Any body in there?"

"Huh?" Keila came to blinking her eyes. "She doesn't always wear underwear." She whispered in a hoarse voice.

"Sooo, Pony never wears them. It's your turn to do the cooler, last time my nipples got so cold I thought they'd never thaw out!" She winked at her friend. "But Pony can thaw out a glacier with her tongue!"

"Thanks for the visual!" She groaned as she thought of what her and Conor had briefly shared.

The entire day she thought about Conor and if she could spend at least ten minutes of uninterrupted time with her. She was in the void when Brenda and Pony came up to her in the cooler to tease her.

"I see you've found a cure for the perpetual state of sexual frustration. Deep freezing the body!"

"Ha ha. Shut up!" She planted her hands on her hips and gave them her 'Don't fuck with me.' stance. "And your reason to be bothering me is?"

"Ohh it's a small thing really." Brenda chuckled. "Work was over with 30 minutes ago."

"And you left me back here!"

"Hey we're here now and your women just called, she's stranded and needs a ride home."

"Where is she? And how do you pray tell that I pick her up with out a car?"

"She's at...aaahhh..." Brenda looked to Pony for help.

Pony wiggled her dark brows. "You could run passed her nekkid?"

"PONY!" Brenda yelled and gave her a smack in her stomach.

"It was just a thought geez." Winking at Keila she whispered. "She's at the pub."

"Huh? And she needs a ride home?"

"Yep, see ya!" Brenda grabbed her lover by the hand and dragged her out of the cooler.

Keila raised her left eyebrow and thought of why they would go to the extremes of telling her that Conor needed picked up when she was at the pub. "Crazy bitches, their both nuts!"

She punched out and made her way over to the pub, she noticed right off that the parking lot was empty and that was very strange because at this hour the place was always packed with people stopping for a drink after work. She went around the back and stepped into the darkened kitchen, she could smell freshly cooked chicken and biscuits. Looking through the little window, all she saw was the flickering of candles that were always on the tables. Something was weird but she didn't know what, no sounds or anything were coming from the pub area. Then she heard piano music start up accompanied by a guitar.

"Conor?" She spoke in a low voice. "Are you here?"

Coming through the door to the pub area, she looked around but didn't see anything. "Conor?" She called out again.

"Over here." Her deep voice came from a darkened corner. Keila squinted her eyes and tried to make out the tall figure in the shadows.

"What's going on?"

"Seclusion, privacy and no Grumpy." She moved so that the candles on the table made her look like smoke. Her black leather pants and dark blue silk pirate shirt made Keila's mouth water.

"By the Gods your beautiful." She whispered loud enough that she thought only she could hear.

"So are you, come here."

On weakened knees Keila met her halfway, her eyes roaming over the tall lithe body the entire time. She almost fell over her feet when Conor pulled her into her body. She could feel the heat coming through the silk shirt and the scent of the tangy soap that Conor used, plus the Drakar had her mind spinning as she buried her face against the strong neck and shoulder.

"I cooked us supper, you hungry?"

"Uuhhmm...can't we just stay like this?" Just then a loud growl rumbled from the little Godzilla monster in her stomach.

"I think we better feed the baby in there before he comes out and eats Bolivar."

They sat in silence and ate the supper that Conor had cooked for them, exchanging looks at each other from lowered eyes. They were so shy around each other, almost as if they were strangers. When they were done Conor took her hand and pulled her onto the small dance floor, the music was soft and mellow as they danced together for the first time. They fit so well together that Keila thought they were two puzzle pieces. She took a deep breath and sighed as they glided across the floor. The music's beat changed to something faster, Keila pulled away in a panic.

"I don't know how to dance to this."

"Oohh it's easy." A voice came from behind her.

She turned to see Brenda and Pony coming into the pub.

"Come on Stretch lets show her." Pony stepped right up against Keila, sandwiching her with Conor. Keila had no choice but to move in sync with the two sisters as they moved to the dance version of *Leann Rimes* song *Right kinda wrong*. When the song was done her blood pressure was through the roof. She could still feel Conor's breasts pressed up against her own and her skin tingling where her hands had been on her hips.

"I took it upon myself, being the connoisseur that I am with music to load the CD's in the stereo." Brenda did a little bow to her friends and lover. After an hour of very close dancing where their hips were in constant contact, Keila was ready to fall over.

When the final song ended they were left in the silence except for the pounding of their hearts as they kissed deeply to the point of breathlessness. Conor looked around after the kiss broke to find themselves all alone in the flickering candlelight. With her blue eyes almost black from the darkness Conor could just make out the green eyes watching her. She couldn't hide the intense emotions that radiated from her eyes nor the way her hands caressed the small woman in front of her. She leaned down to nuzzle a curved neck and whisper into Keila's ear.

"Lets go home."

Keila nodded her head, with fingers entwined they left the pub to go back to the small house.

In the shadows at the back of the house where the bedrooms were stood a figure peering through a window. Hat pulled down low over a flushed face he wiped the sweat that was running down from his temples. He had waited for the cover of night before he had taken his place to get his revenge and now he was so close. Pulling the disposable camera from his pocket he moved closer to the window, at first he couldn't make out anything until the light from where the bedroom door was cracked open. The light slanted across the bed and the figures moving against each other in the ancient dance. His brown eyes widened as his mouth dropped open as he watched a dark head make its way down the smaller woman's body to stop and bury itself between her muscular thighs.

The moans caused the hair on the back of his neck to stand on end, he was so close to the open window that he could hear the noises that were being made as the dark one feasted.

"Brian my boy, you have hit the lottery!" He thought to himself as he snapped off twelve shots from the cheap camera.

"Damn! Shoulda bought another camera. I could of sold some of these ta the boys!" His sick little mind told him. Now that the film was all gone he just stood and watched. With all of his concentration focused on the couple he felt his manhood come to life and press painfully against his zipper. He stood there trying not to moan at what he was seeing.

The dark head had moved up and down while her tongue lapped at the juices flowing from between her lovers swollen lips. Her moans vibrated against her lover causing her to thrust her hips upward for more. Small fingers worked their way into her long black hair and pulled her head closer to the thrusting hips, moans came from between parted lips, showing flashing teeth as they worried a bottom lip swollen from passionate kisses. The smaller woman grunted and her breathing was becoming more ragged from her lover's attentions. Lips captured the hardened nub and sucked until the small blonde screamed from her release.

Brian's body jerked hard, he had to grab onto the windowsill for support or fall down. He felt the hot liquid shoot down his leg and stain his pants. Looking down at his crotch he saw the stain spreading.

"Good thing it's dark." He thought. He was going to leave until he looked through the window and saw the couple move into a 69. Once again he stood captured and pissed off at the sounds coming from the small blonde, she had never made a single peep when they had been together and now she was screaming her head off. With the larger of the two on top Brian was able to watch her breasts brush against her lover's stomach. His dick became hard again and throbbed like never before, within minutes the two lovers bodies convulsed with their climaxes. Brian pulled his dick from his pants but not before he lost control and had another stain forming on his pants. He was ready to pass out, never had he gotten off twice in such a short period of time. Taking deep breathes to keep from falling over he closed his eyes for a few moments and waited until he had some control over himself.

Opening his eyes he looked into the window to see the dark one standing at the edge of the bed

with a strap-on pointing towards where her lover was on her knees. She moved up behind her, placing her hands on her lovers hips she pushed the dildo in, with controlled thrusts she moved in and out of her. Their grunts and the sight of two woman making love had him hard again, he pumped his dick in his greasy hand and was on the edge of coming when a light from a flash light shined right into his eyes.

"OOHH FUCK!!" He gasped.

"Brian is that you?" A deep male voice came from the dark. Brian shoved his swollen dick into his pants and jerked when the zipper got him.

"Yeah! Go away Robby I'm busy!"

Robby walked over to stand next to him.

"What are you...FUCK!" He grabbed Brian by his shirtfront and pulled him away from the window.

"Robby they weren't done yet!" He whined.

"You sick son of a bitch!" He jabbed Brian in his chest. "Get your perverted ass outta here before I take you in!" The cop threatened. "Now move before I change my mind!"

Brian mumbled something, grabbed his crotch and flinched at the sharp pain. He knew that his walk home would not be a pleasant one in his condition.

"That's ok you sick bitches, I got some good pictures anyway." He chuckled until that caused his dick to feel like it was going to fall off.

Two pairs of eyes, one blue the other green peeked through the small space of the crack into the bedroom. Keila quickly covered her mouth to keep from making any noise as they watched Pony riding Brenda. They wouldn't have even known they were doing anything except that when they came down the hallway they heard Pony yelling YEEEEHAAAWWW! At the top of her lungs.

Conor pulled Keila away from the door before they both busted out laughing. Pushing the door to Keila's bedroom open she closed it silently so that the other two wouldn't know that they had come back from the pub.

"Conor please tell me your nothing like Pony." Her eyes pleaded with Conor.

A mischievous grin and wiggling eyebrows had Keila worried. "Baby I'm ten times worse than my sister, I have skills that she will never know about!"

"Damn! And here all the bragging that Brenda's been doing and I won't be able to..." Her green eyes widened in realization. "'Cuz I'll be a dead woman!"

"Don't worry Baby I don't kill off my girlfriends." She leaned forward and brought their lips together in a searing kiss that left Keila breathless. "I wanna keep you around for a very long time." Her blue eyes turned serious as she looked down into hooded green.

"Good." Keila launched herself at Conor taking them both down onto the bed. Raising up on her palms, she looked down into darkened blue eyes. "You'll never have to worry, I'm not going anywhere." She felt the silk beneath her fingers as she ran her hands from shoulder to waist, pulling the soft fabric loose she left the buttons for just pulling it up over Conor's head. Her breath caught when removing the shirt revealed bare flesh, she was expecting at least a T-shirt.

A strange look came over Keila's face, a small groan escaped from her lips as she froze in place. She crawled off Conor and ran for the bathroom. Conor didn't know what to do, she thought that maybe Keila had changed her mind about what they were about to do. Her heart sank like a lead balloon in her chest. She covered her eyes and sighed. "Maybe we're rushing things or maybe she just realized that I'm not what she wants?" She spoke softly to herself as tears formed in her blue eyes. A loud yell from the bathroom brought her to her feet and had her on the run before she knew what she was doing.

"NOOO NOT NOW!!!!!!" Keila yelled from behind the bathroom door.

Conor came to a sliding stop by hitting the door with her forehead. Rubbing the red spot she called to Keila. The door was yanked open to show a pissed off little blonde standing in the doorway.

"I feel like sleaprock! The damn curse came early this month!!" Tears flowed from her green eyes. "Conor?" She started to sob, her body shaking from trying to hold back her emotions. "I hate this shit!"

Strong arms pulled her in and comforted her, her body pressed up against a strong chest.

"It's ok, it happens sometimes." Conor whispered into a small ear. "Lets go to bed, it'll be ok. Honest."

"But I wanted...so much. And now this." Conor continued to keep a comforting arm around her as they went back to the bedroom. Once they had changed and gotten into bed Conor spooned against Keila and ran her hand across her stomach trying to ease the tense muscles.

"Your not mad are you?"

"No Mouse, I'm not mad. We have the rest of our lives."

A smile came to Keila's face when she heard those words, there was nothing she wanted more than to spend the rest of her life with Conor.

"I love you Stretch."

"I love you to. Nit Mouse."

In the early hours Keila started to moan with pain, she shifted every which way she could but the cramps only got worse. Tears flowed from her eyes as she pulled her knees up close to her chest and whimpered. Conor woke from her deep sleep to feel the bed shacking with Keila's sobs.

"What's wrong mouse?" She asked her with a sleep-roughened voice.

"It hurts." She cried into her pillow.

"Do you have bad cramps?" She saw the blonde head nod. "Come here." She opened her arms and pulled Mouse into them so that she was facing away from her, she ran her strong fingers across the cramped muscle of her lower abdominal area and whispered soothing words into her small ear.

"This may sound strange but an orgasm can get rid of monthly cramps." She felt Keila stiffen against her.

"Conor, it's really gross during this time of the month."

"Would it bother you that much if I touched you now?"

"Yes, I just feel really unclean right now."

"Go change your plug and I'll try and think of something to help you." She could tell by the pink hue of Keila's face that she was going to have a real problem to a simple solution. A few minutes later Keila came back all hunched over at the waist, her face was a sickly white color and Conor could tell that she was in a lot of pain.

"Come here baby." She held her arms out to her and pulled her into her chest. "Let me try something ok?"

"It won't hurt will it?"

"No. Just relax and work with me." Conor tilted her head up and started placing soft kisses at the corner of her mouth, teasing licks had Keila part her lips and allow Conor to deepen the kiss. Within seconds Keila was pushing Conor down into the bed and straddling her thigh. Running her hands up underneath Keila's shirt she touched her hardened nipples with her thumbs. Raising her thigh she flexed it against Keila's center and grinned when she felt her push back against her. Bracing her heels into the bed she lifted her hips and made small thrusts against Keila. Their moans were buried against each others necks as they thrust against each other faster. Keila's back arched, she held her breath and her whole body shuddered. A low groan came from her lips with her release. The sound alone sent Conor over after her, they lay entangled amongst the twisted blankets and sheets breathing hard but still not completely satisfied.

"Mouse are you ok?"

"No. I want more." She whined pitifully against Conor.

"Baby it's up to you what we do."

Two dark green eyes pleaded with her. "Stretch, this is really gross and disgusting."

"I've done it before during this time of the month, it doesn't bother me at all." She ran her finger across Keila's bottom lip. Keila rolled to her side and gave an embarrassed look at Conor.

"Please love me."

Conor started out slow, she kissed all the flesh that was visible to her and then lifted Keila's shirt up and over her head. Her deep blue eyes lingered on the firm breasts of her new lover causing a light pink blush to cover Keila's chest. Leaving soft kisses down between her breasts she loved each one until Keila was thrashing beneath her, dragging her tongue down to where her shorts rode upon her narrow hips Conor used her teeth to pull them down. Her deep blue eyes locked with green and held. Nudging her chin down she let her tongue part the blonde curls. Keila threw her head back and gasped at the feel of the warm wet tongue touching her. She lifted her hips so that Conor could pull her shorts off. Her heart was slamming into her chest when she felt Conor lay between her thighs, soft warm hands ran from knee to inner thigh spreading her further open. She knew that her face was bright red from the heat that she felt there.

Conor ran her fingers through the soft curls then down over the glistening lips. The scent of her lovers arousal filled her nostrils and made her mouth water for it's very first taste. Dipping her head she kept eye contact with Keila while her tongue snaked out and slid between her swollen lips. Keila's hips shot upward and a loud moan escaped from her lips, gripping Conor's strong forearms she raised her hips upward. Thrusting with each movement of her lovers tongue had her panting.

"Gods Conor...I want...Oohh..."

Conor slipped one finger in under the tampon and pushed upward towards the spot she wanted, with her tongue licking up all the juices she pushed her finger in deeper and with stronger thrusts.

"Right there! Just a little...STETCH!!!!"

Her body shuddered and shook, the tremors from an volcanic climax slammed her into the bed. Juices poured down Conor's chin with each spasm, she pulled the hard nub into her mouth and sucked greedily sending her lover back up and making her world crash around her again. When the last muscle spasm passed she crawled up Keila's exhausted body and kissed her sweetly. Seeing tears trailing down her cheeks she became worried that she had hurt her.

"I didn't hurt you did I?" Tears formed in her blue eyes.



"Gods no!" Keila said as she pulled her lover in for a deep kiss. "I love you Stretch, it's that I've never had any thing like that happen before."

"Was it ok?" Conor shyly asked.

"OK? Conor I think I died and went to heaven!" She held her lovers face between her hands. "Will it always be like this?"

Bright even teeth appeared from behind a lopsided grin. "Better."

"I'm a dead women!" Keila sighed as she pulled Conor's head down to rest on her chest. "You know what? My cramps are gone!"

"Told ya."

Keila flipped Conor on to her back and bit her neck. "Smartass!" She sucked the soft skin between her teeth until Conor was begging her to let go. "Mine!" She worked her way down until Conor was begging for another reason.

Later Pony and Brenda lay at the foot of their bed giggling and pushing each others faces into the bed.

"I won Pony!"

"Did not!"

"Did to! Now pay up!"

"Uuuhh uuuh. They ain't done yet."

Brenda sat up on the bed and looked at her with wide eyes. "But that was three screams each!"

"I know." Her golden eyes flashed in the dark. "But the bet was you three, me four. Stretch ain't done yet. Remember she's got years ta make up for."

"This ain't fair! You know your sister and I don't!"

"But you win either way."

"How so?" She asked as she came nose to nose with her lover.

"You get hours of sex."

"Ohhh, yeah. I guess your right." She tackled Pony and rolled her over onto her back. "Can we

start now?" Just then an ear piercing war cry echoed through the house. "That had ta be your sister!"

"Why's that?" Pony grinned at her.

"Cuz you do the same thing, wanna prove it?"

Grumpy ran for the kitchen where he hid under the kitchen table with his paws over his head. He spent the entire early morning hour's right up until mid morning in the same spot fearing that some wild animals had gotten his mistresses.

Keila and Conor stumbled into the kitchen holding onto each other the next morning. Conor eased their sore and tender bodies down into a chair, a low groan rumbled from her chest.

"Gods I hurt all over. Tell me again why I let you twist me into a pretzel?" Blurry blue eyes questioned green.

"It wasn't my idea." Keila snuggled down against her lover's chest. "We really need a bigger bed, I think I pulled something getting you unstuck from beside it and the wall." Reaching up to Conor's shoulder she dug her fingers into the tender muscles, Conor groaned when the tightness started to leave.

"A little to your left. That's the part that hit the floor first when you flipped me and I got stuck."

Pony and Brenda walked past the small room and busted up laughing at the bed frame sitting at an angle on the floor, the sheets and blankets all twisted and half caught under the broken bed frame.

"So that was the big bang we heard." Pony looked into the room.

"Wonder what they look like?"

They heard loud groaning coming from the kitchen, wicked little grins formed on their faces.

"Guess we'll find out right now." Pony said as she ran for the kitchen.

Conor's head was tilted back while Keila massaged her sore shoulder and neck muscles. She was close to falling out of the chair when her sister came charging in doing her war cry. Pony slid across the table on her stomach, missed her target and landed on the floor next to a sleeping Grumpy.

"Damn, I hate when that happens." Conor said as she looked down at Pony. "What were you trying to do anyway?" Pony groaned from where she lay. "Don't know?"

"Pony what the hell are you doing down there with that dog?" Brenda stood at the edge of the table looking down at her lover.

"I think she's proposing." Blue eyes twinkled at Brenda.

"Tried ta land on Stretch and Mouse, missed target." She groaned louder when she got up off the floor. Her golden eyes flashed at Stretch, her dark brows wiggled. "Still feel better than you two look." She rubbed her reddened shoulder. "Sooo." She sat down on her sister's lap. "Whacha two do last night?"

"Get off!" Conor growled at her.

"Did that all ready. How about you?"

Conor looked at Keila. "Wanna see what happens when you water a Chia pet to much?"

Golden eyes grew large at the thought. "I think that was my cue ta make some breakfast!" She scurried off her sister's lap and started searching the refrigerator for food. "How's cold pizza sound?" She slammed the door when she heard growls. "Ok, I guess I'll see what Ma's cooked this morning." She smiled at them then skipped off towards the front door intending to ambush her Mom's cooking.

"She's hopeless. Mouse, feel like going out for breakfast?"

Keila's eyes brightened at the idea. "Where we going?"

"Uhhmm...well. We could go ambush Ma or go into town ta Denny's"

"Oohh nooo you two don't!" Brenda planted her hands on her hips. "Your not leaving me here alone when Pony's over there groveling and begging Ma for food! I'm going with!"

They were half way to the door when Keila stopped.

"I can't go like this!" She held her arms out to the side.

"Why not? Look at us." Brenda stood before her in old sweat pants and a faded T-shirt.

"Uuhhh aahhh! Go to the truck I'll catch up." She ran for their bedroom, they heard her mumbling and stuff being moved around.

"Ya heard the Mouse, lets go get the truck warmed up and get the Chia pet." Conor said as she reached for the door. "Mouse is very modest when it comes ta going out."

The three of them sat in the truck waiting for Keila to come out, Pony was all ready grumbling and it hadn't even been five minutes yet.

"What's keeping her?"

"Who knows?" Conor shrugged her wide shoulders. "Oohh my Gods!" She pointed to her lover coming out the door. "She's lost her damn mind!"

"It's your fault Stretch, your the one who fucked her brains out." Pony ducked the hand that was going to hit her in the back of her head.

"Ok. All ready!" Keila crawled across Brenda and Pony and sat down next to Conor. She propped her feet up on the dashboard and wiggled them. "Ya like?" She asked with a wide grin.

"Uuhhmm Mouse?" Conor coughed.

"What?"

"Nothing." She chuckled at the serious look on her lovers face, then burst out laughing at her ridiculous Taz slippers. Keila leaned over and squeezed one of the small ears. Her slipper started talking which made the other two groan. Keila sat with a beaming smile on her face, she would make sure that she embarrassed them the entire time they were at Denny's.

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Debbie opened the envelope with the 8x10 pictures that Brian had blown up at Walmart the day before. She started looking through the pictures and just about blew a gasket. She looked to see Brian sitting across from her with a smug look on his face.

"You stupid fucker!" She threw the pictures at him. "That's not them!"

He picked one up and looked at it. "What do ya mean it's not them, sure it is?"

"Listen asshole!" She got up and came nose to nose with him then backed up when his stench gagged her. "THAT'S NOT CONOR!!!" She sat back down. "That's her sister Chianne and her lover Brenda."

Brian's face went pale with the news. "Brenda? But she's not a dyke."

"What fucking rock have you been hiding under? Look closer! Does Keila have long curly blonde hair?"

He looked closer and groaned. "Aaahhh maaan! And I all ready dropped off the copies ta every one on the list. Now what?"

She closed her evil brown eyes and sighed. "Maybe they won't notice that SMALL DETAIL!!!!!" She yelled loud enough to make the windows rattle. "You're a fuck up Brian, I bet you fuck up

wet dreams and have a problem with premature ejaculation!"

"My truck has a carburetor, don't like that ejaculation system stuff."

Debbie smacked her forehead and got up. "You had better pray that your fuck up isn't noticed." She left him sitting there drooling over the pictures.

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The Denny's waitress kept giving them odd looks from across the room. She had second thoughts about checking if they needed more coffee or not. Every time she went over there she would swear that one of them was doing the Tasmanian Devil voice to irritate her. She took a deep breath and headed over with the coffee pot in her hand. As soon as she got close to the table she would swear that she heard a little voice say 'smack your buns' She ignored it and proceeded to fill their cups. When she walked away, she heard them chuckle and then a yelp come from the small dark haired one.

"Will you stop already!" Conor kicked Pony under the table.

In her Taz voice she told her sister 'bite me'.

"I'll do more than bite you Chia Pony!" She threw a piece of pancake at her and groaned when she caught it in mid air.

"This is your fault Mouse, you and your slippers."

"But you love me anyway." She squeezed Conor's thigh. "Who else would put up with your snoring."

"I don't snore!"

The table erupted into snorts.

"What? I don't!" She lowered her voice. "It's Grumpy."

"Grumpy does not sleep with us, you snore so just face it."

"Yeah, well you whistle through your nose."

Pony and Brenda kept looking back and forth at the two like a tennis match.

"And you make this little snorting noise every time you roll over."

Pale blue eyes bore into green. "Well, last night you rattled the windows when you screamed."

Pony and Brenda burst out laughing when the people behind them threw their napkins on the

table and left.

They looked around the room and saw that they were the only ones left.

"Are we good or what? We managed to run every one off in less than an hour!" Pony high fived her sister. "A new Denny's record!"

"So that explains the look we got when we came in?" Keila remarked.

"Yep." Pony answered. "I think they hate us here."

"I wonder why?" Brenda sighed as she wiped maple syrup off her upper arm. "I think it really did that old couple in when Pony was licking the syrup off my neck."

"What was wrong with that?" Pony asked.

"Well?" Keila leaned forward. "It wouldn't have been bad if she hadn't been sprawled out on top of the table."

"Come on lets get outta here before they throw us out." Conor pointed to the other side of the restaurant where people were waiting to be seated. "It looks a little crowded over there."

When they went out the door all the employees clapped and started yelling. Pony being the ass that she is went back in and flashed her tits at them then ran like hell.

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They had just rounded the corner into Bolivar when Debbie passed them moving like a bat out of hell in her Jaguar. Conor knew that they would be seeing trouble as soon as they got home. And boy was she right! In the driveway was Keila's mother and sister waiting for them. Before they could get out Keila's sister ran up and handed her a large envelope.

"What's this?" Conor asked. Tina's face turned a bright red color. "Take a look, Brian dropped this off at my mother's house early this morning."

Conor pulled the 8x10 color pictures out and started looking at them, she broke out in a big toothy grin. Looking at her sister and Brenda made her bust out laughing.

"You two sure are photogenic."

"Huh?" Pony asked in confusion.

"Here, take a look."

"Damn! My ass looks huge!" Pony turned to her lover. "Is my ass this big?" She held out the pictures to Brenda.

"Ooohh my GODS!" She turned wide eyes to Conor. "This was..."

"Last night." Conor finished.

Keila looked over at the pictures and snorted. "Your ass is huge Pony!"

"SHUDDUP! Is not!"

Conor looked over to where Mrs. Johanson was standing by her car. "What did your mother say?"

"Not much. She passed out the second she saw them. I told her it wasn't you two."

"But she doesn't care." Keila replied. "I wonder how many copies are out there floating around?"

"Who cares! Me and Brenda are famous!" Pony jumped out of the truck and ran for the pub with the pictures waving in her hand.

"What is she doing?" Brenda asked with wide eyes.

"OOhh she's gonna show Ma." Conor grinned at her.

"She's not?"

"Oohh yes she is!" Keila said laughing. "Better go get her before she makes posters and has them handed out at the door tonight."

"SHIT!" Brenda took off after her lover, leaving her friends laughing hysterically. Keila now under control looked to her sister.

"Mom's pissed isn't she?"

"To say the least. Don't worry she'll get over it."

"In two thousand years or so!" Keila said in an octave higher voice. "Asshole couldn't even see that it wasn't us." She blushed at what she insinuated and tried to get out of it. "Not like we were doing anything, we were..." She stopped when Tina held up her hand.

"Mouse, it doesn't bother me that you two are in a relationship together. What bothers me is that asshole sneaking around looking in windows with a camera."

"Well, he won't be doing it around here anymore and if he tries we'll know about it." She got that look on her face that spoke volumes. "I just love booby traps."

Both sisters spoke at the same time. "Ooohh shit!"

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Later that night after Pony was released from the storage closet that she seemed to have been locked in, by her lover. The four of them sat around the computer playing with the Photoshop program.

"Shade it in right here Pony." Conor pointed to a small area on the screen. "Perfect! Now print up a couple copies and then send it to these e-mail addresses and we're all done. They did a group high five then went in separate directions.

Conor came back into the house an hour later with a huge shit-eating grin on her face. She refused to say a word as to why she was grinning only that if a certain person should show up to peep in windows they would all know. After raising the roof with their screams, they all fell into deep sleep in the arms of their lovers. But hours later when the moon was high footfalls disturbed a sleeping grumpy from where he was asleep on the back stoop. He trotted to the back of the house where Conor and Keila's window was located and watched as a dark form crept up to the window. His low growl alerted the peeping tom but he knew that Grumpy wouldn't do anything to him. After all, he was his dog.

Brian crept closer to look into the window, he saw two naked bodies wrapped around each other. He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out the new camera that he had bought that day at Wal-Mart. He would get the right couple now if it killed him. He stepped even closer and stopped when something tight went up against his shin; he ignored it and stepped closer. A snapping sound reached his ears then a hissing, he threw up his hands when he felt moisture hitting him in his face, blinded he stumbled around and hit more resistance around his lower legs and feet. Loosing his footing, he fell to his knees and landed in something wet and sticky. Flopping around on the ground, he was finally able to get up only to feel a set of big paws coming down on his back and a sharp pain in his ass as Grumpy tore into him. He started screaming bloody murder as Grumpy shredded his work pants and ripped them completely off his body. He got up and staggered around the yard until he reached the area where the light sensors were located. In a heartbeat, the entire back yard and sides of the house looked like it was high noon. He froze where he was when he heard hysterical laughing.

Keila, Conor, Brenda and Poni all stood in the backyard laughing at the creature that had gotten caught in Conor's traps.

Brian stood in front of them looking like a huge half naked blue Smurf that had been dipped in honey and feathers. He covered his eyes when flashes from a camera blinded him.

"You rotten bitches!!!!" He screamed just before Robbie took him into custody.

"Your gonna clean my squad car out when you get released! You stupid perverted asshole!" He dragged Brian away to the cheers of four hysterically laughing women.

"Conor remind me ta never piss you off."



"But Mouse you would look so cute blue." Conor chuckled as she kissed her lovers head. "Come on, let's go to bed, we have a busy day tomorrow. Lot's of stuff to plan for our revenge."

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Keila picked up the mornings newspaper and all most fell over from seeing the picture on the front page. She didn't know how they had pulled it off but smack dap in the center of the page under the caption "Area man caught peeping in windows." Was a naked blue Brian, he would be pissed as all get out when he was released from jail and found out that he had been the days poster boy for perverts. She picked up the phone and called Conor at the bar and told her to get her cute ass over to the store ASAP. She had wicked thoughts going through her mind as to what she wanted to do to a certain tall, dark and gorgeous woman when she got there.

"You called Mouse of mine?"

"Ohh yeah, come here." She wiggled her fingers at her lover and then walked backwards towards the back room. "I have something for you."

A wicked grin covered Conor's face, she licked her lips and winked.

"Will I enjoy it?"

"I'm giving, so you will enjoy it immensely."

When Conor was with in reach, she grabbed her by her collar, spun her into the back room and pressed her against the wall with her body. Capturing soft pink lips with her own, she ravaged her lover's lips until they needed air.

"Damn Mouse, I'm not complaining but what was that for?" She took deep breathes trying to calm her burning lungs.

"Because I love you and for getting Brian's ugly body on the front page of the Journal."

Conor gave her a toothy grin. "I wish I could see his face after he gets a copy of the paper in his cell."

"Huh? What do you mean, they don't get the...ohhh you are wicked!"

"The whole jail house got a copy this morning thanks to Brenda, she has some awesome connections."

Keila pressed her body into her lover and rubbed her breasts against her causing Conor to shudder.

"What about the other pictures, where were they e-mailed to?"

"Uuuuhmm...the law review board and the protection for animal's committeemen."

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The secretary for the head of the law review opened the e-mail folder that had come in the night before. It was simple labeled with Debbie's name and the name of the law firm that she was associated with. The secretary new the name well, she had heard all kinds of things about the woman's scandalous career. They had files full of complaints against the Lawyer, but when the people were questioned, they refused to say a bad word or uphold their accusations. Double clicking on the JPG format, the secretary's mouth fell open when she saw Debbie on her hands and knees with a scrawny man mounting her from behind and a bloodhound dog mounting him. She scrambled from behind her desk, barged into her boss's office and disrupting an important meeting. She couldn't get a word out of her gaping mouth, the best she could do was point and grumble.

"Well Mrs. Frazier, what is so important that you just barge in here?" Her boss asked with an impatient look on his face. Seeing that the poor woman was flustered beyond belief, he got up and followed her to her desk. Following her finger to her monitor screen, after seeing the picture he collapsed into her chair and gasped.

"That's...ahhh...Praise...uuhh...EEWWW!" He closed the program and rubbed his hands across his face. "Get her in here NOW!" He gave the flustered woman a wide grin, hugged her and skipped off to his office whistling the fifth Beethoven concerto.

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Brian walked in to the pub that night, walked over to his normal table where his friends were and sat down. The other guys took one look at him, got up and left the pub. Confused at their actions, he ran after them.

"Hey wait for me!" He yelled as he barreled through the door and into the parking lot. "Where we going tonight?" One of the biggest guys walked up to him and jabbed him in his bony chest.

"You're not going anywhere with us! You're a sick son of a bitch! I've never agreed to how you treated Keila and from what I've been seeing lately of your actions, I should just kick the living shit outta you! But I won't!" He stepped back from Brian and glared. "The HELL I WON'T!" He pulled back and hit Brian square in the nose; the sound was like a steak hitting the floor as his nose was crushed beneath the man's knuckles. Brian's eyes rolled back in his head, he fell straight back onto the pavement and lie spread eagle. The big man walked away and rejoined his friends to receive slaps on the back.

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Conor's heart rate was so high that she thought she was having a heart attack, she looked down to see the blonde head coming up from where she had been brazenly feasting for the last ten

minutes.

"Gods Mouse, are you trying to kill me?" She gasped when a wet tongue traveled up the center of her stomach and circled a hardened nipple. "Please baby, let me catch my breath before I pass out." Grabbing Keila by her ears she pulled her up so that they lay breast to breast, wrapping her arms around her to keep her from torturing her anymore, she placed a kiss to her temple. "I love you Mouse." She mumbled into a small ear.

"I love you to." She tilted her head to the side and ran her fingers across Conor's cheek. "Do you think we'll be able to live in peace now?"

"Ohh yeah..." A loud scream coming from down the hall interrupted her. "Well with them here it won't be total peace, if you're talking about the other two. Then yes, I think we've seen the last of them."

"Good." Her green eyes took on a darkness that scared Conor. "Rested enough?" She slipped back down between Conor's thighs and within two seconds had the tall woman gripping the bed covers in clenched hands.

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Grumpy trotted over to the body still lying on the ground, he sniffed, then, rubbed his nose with his paws. Turning sideways, he lifted his leg and pissed on his former master then trotted off to see what food scraps his mistresses put in his dish.

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Debbie growled at the prison matron when she was pushed roughly into the cell.

"I'm a lawyer you can't do this!" She screamed and grabbed onto the bars and tried to rattle them. "Let me out of here right NOW!" The matron chuckled, flipped her off and knocked on the small window for the other guard to buzz her through. "I've been set up! I don't like it doggy style! And I've never done it with a big dog!"

"Does that mean that you prefer small dogs?" A deep voice said from behind her. Spinning on her heel, she pressed her back against the bars when a very tall and huge woman came towards her. "I like my bitch in the doggy position." She ran a thick hand down Debbie's chest and pinched her nipple. "They all call me big Dawg."

Debbie gulped and tried to squeeze between the bars. "Why Dawg?" She squeaked, looked up a good couple of feet into almost black eyes.

"Because I will make you howl like a bitch in heat." With one yank, she had Debbie on her hands and knees and it wasn't so that she could pray, but pray she did. For the floor to open up and swallow her up into oblivion.

The End.

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